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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE TURKISH VICTORY AND THE BALKANS

WHEN the crisis on the Dardanelles was at its acutest stage, a meeting of the Cabinet and the Parliamentary leaders of Yugoslavia was held at Belgrade to consider the extraordinary credits required if that country should participate in a military expedition to Constantinople. Yugoslavia proposed to embark on such an enterprise only on condition that she receive the following compensation: —

1. Complete disarmament of Hungary and Bulgaria, as provided in the Peace Treaties.
2. Strategic rectifications of the boundary between Yugoslavia and Rumania, and Yugoslavia and Bulgaria.
3. Certain concessions, not specified in the reports, from Italy.

Rumors were current in Belgrade to the effect that Yugoslavia had also been promised possession of Saloniki.

The Bulgarian press, according to a Sofia correspondent of *L'Europe Nouvelle*, is unanimous in declaring, 'The defeat of Greece is a victory for Bulgaria.' *Dnevnik*, after commending Mustafa Kemal's moderation in limiting his demand for European territory to Thrace east of the Maritsa, observes: —

The Turkish offensive is most important, because it is associated with political issues of the utmost interest for Bulgaria. One of these is the Thracian question, the sole final solution of which in the eyes of Bulgaria will be the establishment of an autonomous government there.

Both Parliament and the Cabinet in Bulgaria take the same position. If Thrace is not to be restored to Bulgaria, then it must have autonomous rule. 'A Turkish Thrace — even a partially Turkish Thrace — will not satisfy or tranquilize this country.'

Prime Minister Stambuliskii gave the following four reasons, in an interview with a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, for granting Thrace autonomy: —

1. It would protect the freedom of the Straits.
2. It would allow of refugees returning to their homes.
3. It would abolish the difficulty of a common frontier between Greece, Bulgaria, and Turkey, so evidently obnoxious to certain States of Central Europe.
4. It would undoubtedly secure the desired peace in the Balkans.

Slovo says that Freedom of the Straits is a political myth.

If the Straits are fortified, they will be in the hands of the Government that holds the fortifications; if they are not fortified, they

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will be at the mercy of the Government that has the strongest fleet . . . and whether fortified or not they are always free to merchant vessels in times of peace. Bulgaria's interest in the Straits is solely commercial; and she wants to see their freedom guaranteed by an international commission in such a way that no Power will venture to close them either by fortifications or by its navy.

The *New Statesman* summarizes the problem of Western Thrace, which is likely to be the crucial question — so far as the ultimate peace of the Balkans is concerned — during the coming Conference, as follows: —

This strip of Ægean coast between the river Maritsa and the eastern boundary of Greek Macedonia is peopled, like the rest of the province, by a mixture of Turks, Greeks, and Bulgars, with the Turks in an undoubted majority. By the Treaty of Bucharest in 1913, after the Balkan Wars, it passed from Turkish to Bulgarian hands, and Bulgaria retained it until the Allies appropriated it in 1920 by the Treaty of Neuilly, and eventually made a present of it to Greece. Its chief importance to Bulgaria lay in the fact that it satisfied her need of an outlet to the sea at Dedeagach. That need is vital, and was, indeed, recognized as vital — on paper at least — by the Allies; for the Treaty of Neuilly requires Greece to allow the Bulgarians a 'corridor' and a port on the Ægean. In fact, Greece has treated the clause as a dead letter; the Bulgarians have complained bitterly of the cheat that has been practised on them and of the consequent paralysis of their trade.

Here, then, are three disputants — Greece in possession, Bulgaria with an equitable claim on economic grounds, Turkey with the assertion that her Nationals are in a majority. How is the matter to be settled? There are three alternatives. Western Thrace can be left under Greek rule; it can be allowed a plebiscite, as the Turks have demanded; or it can be made an autonomous province, as the Bulgarians have proposed. The first course is hardly practical politics. Greece has no more right to Western than to Eastern Thrace, and Kemal and the Angora Assembly are not in the least likely to consent to her staying there. A plebiscite, if it could be carried out without fear or favor, — which it almost certainly could not, — would, no doubt, put Turkey in possession. The third alternative, however, is evidently the proper one to aim at. It would, of course, satisfy Bulgaria; it would probably satisfy Turkey; it would dissatisfy Greece less, at any rate, than the restoration of Turkish sovereignty. From the point of view of the rest of the world, it would be an immense advantage to establish, under the ægis of the League of Nations, an autonomous territory, which would act as a buffer State between Greece and Turkey, in which the Bulgarians would be ensured their trade-outlet and in which the treatment of 'minorities' would present the least possible difficulty.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM WAR

If we are to believe London rumors reported in the *New Statesman*, the war party in the British Cabinet was so intent upon expelling the Turks from the Neutral Zone by force that they proposed to censure General Harington and force his resignation because he insisted on settling matters by negotiations. They were prevented from doing so by the fact that he had already attained Great Britain's professed objects before they could act. The British forces centred at Chanak were speedily strengthened, until they could probably have whipped Kemal's army, which was poorly equipped according to Western standards, and by a rapid and smashing victory have restored the military prestige of England and Christendom throughout the Mohammedan world. Some British statesmen thought this would be an achievement worth the cost. Furthermore, England had already spent over one hundred million dollars for precautionary measures, and it might be hard to reconcile British taxpayers to that burden if there were nothing to show for it.

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DISARMAMENT AT GENEVA

DURING the late September sessions of the League of Nations Assembly at Geneva, disarmament was debated at length. The importance of the subject, emphasized as it was by the threat of a new war on the Dardanelles, caused it to receive more attention in the European press than any other question that came before that body. *Le Temps* says, 'The addresses made in the course of this discussion exhibited an amplitude and an elevation of thought that could not fail to produce a profound impression,' but insists that 'no progress toward peace will be made by reducing armaments until some other device has been discovered to assure the safety of nations. The idealist plan of teaching by example, and simply disarming, even if other countries do not simultaneously do the same and although the stronger do not guarantee the weaker against aggression, is more dangerous than any amount of armament.' Germany with her 'disguised army,' and Russia with her 'Red Army of more than a million and a half men,' are cited as dangers that would make such a policy suicidal.

While *Le Temps* approves Lord Robert Cecil's suggestion of an international guaranty against aggressive war, it believes that 'the opposition of a single nation will be enough to render such a guaranty illusory.' Therefore the French proposal 'to anticipate a general agreement by agreements between individual Governments, seems the more reasonable, the more just, and the better adapted to present conditions. . . . We must not forget that such individual agreements enabled us to carry to a victorious conclusion a war against predatory Powers, and it is logical to consolidate that victory by alliances between nations having identical interests.'

Journal de Genève considers that Lord Cecil's proposal brings general disarmament a step nearer practical reality. Its great merit is to 'tie up the principle of reducing armaments with that of guaranties, which are its indispensable corollaries. . . . For no country will deprive itself of its power of self-defense until it is insured against foreign aggression.' However, Lord Robert Cecil was carried away by his idealism in conceiving that a uniform and universal international guaranty was possible. The French delegate, M. de Jouvenel, was more logical and practical in showing that this beautiful vision could not be realized immediately; that to attempt too much was to court failure. 'French common sense won a victory over the vague ideologies in which the native positivism of the Anglo-Saxons is so strangely inclined to involve itself.'

Neue Zürcher Zeitung describes M. de Jouvenel's speech more critically: —

> His magnificently delivered oration, in which he played upon every note in the register of parliamentary eloquence, began promisingly with a description of the new spirit that can and must inspire the international policy of the future. But his argument did not maintain that level, and those who believe that a complete renunciation of the old war-mentality is the only path to salvation were bitterly disappointed. . . . Those who heard Noblemaire speak last year say that M. de Jouvenel's oration represents a decided step backward, and some of the delegations did not join in the applause that greeted the latter orator when he concluded.

In fact, the oration was inconsistent, and produced the impression that its more idealistic introduction represented the personal views of the speaker, while the disenchanting conclusion was due to certain official obligations that he felt forced to recognize, although he did not sympathize fully with them.

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THE GREEK REVOLUTION

THE leaders of the recent revolution in Greece are described by the Athens correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* as 'plain, middle-aged, war-weathered men, whose governing *motif* is national honor.' They hate politics and politicians and promptly set to work to undo, as far as possible, their blunders, 'without pomp or formality.'

Colonel Gonatas, President of the Revolutionary Committee, when the night's work was done, returned to his flat on the second floor of a small apartment-house over a shop. Colonel Plastiras returned to his old room in a small commercial hotel he formerly lived in when he was a minor army-officer. Though gorgeous blue, gold, and white uniformed Royal Guards still kept watch outside the ex-King's Palace, only a dusty, sleepy sentry leaned on a rifle before the doors in the dingy side-streets where the Revolutionary Committee was sleeping.

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JAPAN AND SIBERIA

THE *Herald of Asia* thus discusses the breakdown of the Changchuen conference between Japan and the Far Eastern Republic, and via the Far Eastern Republic with Moscow. It will be recalled that one of the points at issue that prevented the conference from accomplishing its object was Japan's refusal to recognize the Soviet Republic.

As far as the question of Japanese recognition in any way of Soviet Russia is concerned, the proposition is amazingly easily answered. It is simply out of the question, for various reasons of which the consideration that Japan owes the other Powers alone is sufficient. Outside of this, the position of Japan is complicated by the fact that as a self-respecting nation she naturally feels herself bound to play according to the rules, while the Russians are bound by no handicap of principle whatever. Russia has taken the position of the man who repudiates his obligations, financial, moral, and otherwise, and who brazenly lets his creditor 'do the worrying.' In dealing with such a nation or individual, it is above all necessary to maintain a firm front, to remain unmoved by bluster, and to insist on observance of the principles one is convinced are equitable.

Japan wishes to make arrangements with Russia whereby these two countries may derive mutual benefit commercially, economically, and industrially. But this is to the advantage of the Russians as much as it is to the Japanese, or even more so; for as a matter of fact the experience of Great Britain has demonstrated that trade agreements with Russia, as far as benefits are concerned, are apparent rather than real. It is to be hoped that a practical and equitable trade agreement may be arranged, but we cannot make great sacrifices — and certainly none whatever involving our good faith — for such intangible returns.

Meanwhile the evacuation of Eastern Siberia is going on apace, and the care of returning emigrants to that country has become a question of some seriousness in Japan. The Government is granting to the home-comers their traveling and other expenses, but so far is not compensating them for the losses they have incurred as a result of the Japanese withdrawal.

A short time ago there were 3800 permanent Japanese residents in Vladivostok, 1000 in Nikolaiefsk, and about 600 in the other principal settlements in the first Maritime District. Very few of these will remain after the Japanese troops withdraw. The losses suffered by the Japanese civilians in Siberia in consequence of local disorders and the removal of armed protection are estimated at some fifteen million dollars.

A rumor has circulated in Tokyo to the effect that the Japanese military authorities at Vladivostok, entirely without authority from the Foreign Office, have negotiated with the Revolutionary leaders in that city and with the Chinese tuchun, Chang, at Mukden, with the object of creating a buffer

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State between Soviet Russia and Japan. The Japanese papers state that large quantities of arms and munitions from Vladivostok have been handed over to Chang and to General Dietrichs, the Russian White leader. Nineteen truck-loads of ammunition alleged thus to have been transferred were the property of Czechoslovakia, and the incident has been brought to a head by the protest of the Czechoslovak consul at Vladivostok to the Japanese authorities. Behind the whole affair may lie the ancient political feud between the military and naval clans in Japanese politics, and the desire of the leaders of the former clique to embarrass Admiral Baron Kato, the present Premier.

EUROPE AND THE AMERICAN TARIFF

It was to be expected that the European press would greet the enactment of the new tariff-law in America with anything but commendation. The predominant note in foreign comment is that the law makes it clearly impossible for the debtor countries across the Atlantic to pay their obligations to the United States.

The *Manchester Guardian*, speaking from the citadel of free trade, says that the new law is 'without any redeeming feature.' It regrets that there are many in England who would like to adopt it for their country, but assures us that a similar policy of isolation on England's part would be 'most dangerous and costly.'

The *Observer* considers the act 'superficially the most formidable menace ever presented to those who would endeavor to sell their goods in the American market.'

The *Times* believes that the Fordney Tariff will accentuate America's present position as an 'overwhelming creditor,' and increase her own embarrassment. While deprecating any disposition to 'suggest to the citizens of a great and friendly Republic what its fiscal policy should be,' it joins some of the leading financial experts in the United States in regarding the experiment as 'one likely to defeat the object for which it is tried, and as contrary to the economic experience of the world.'

The *Daily Telegraph* says: 'It is impossible for any community, however rich in resources, and however numerous, to live a life unto itself without concerning itself with the industrial and commercial actions and reactions occurring beyond its border.' It further says that 'its stoutest advocates would not suggest that this is in any sense a scientific tariff,' and believes that it may easily cost the American consumer three billion dollars a year.

Elsewhere the *Observer* remarks that the people of the United States 'have the same title to educate themselves out of error by concrete experience,' and believes that the present law will 'test with unusual clearness the various theories as to how far the limitation of imports reacts upon exportation.'

The *Outlook*, in an article entitled 'Plain Speech about the American Debt,' advises Sir Robert Horne, who is in this country in connection with England's debt to us, to 'pass the buck' to Washington, and suggests that he put the question before our authorities as follows: —

> Gentlemen, England is solvent — never more so. England intends to pay her debts. This debt happens to be one of a size unknown in former international dealing. It was contracted in payment for goods which you sent to us. Your new tariff places an embargo on British goods which might otherwise be sent you in return. We have only £154,426,811 gold, and there is n't any more in the world that we can get at. We might, perhaps, transfer to you our favorable balance of trade with other countries, when we have any, but will you take bills on countries which already owe you

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money? We will pay you in any way we can, when and how we can. It is for you to suggest the means of payment, for, as things are, suggest them we cannot.

On the whole, Europe's concern over the effect of the tariff appears to be tempered by an impression that it will prove unworkable, and that the inability of our farmers and large producers to find markets abroad under its provisions will speedily lead to a revolution of sentiment in this country.

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THE NEW IRISH CABINET

THIS brief description of the men who are chiefly responsible for carrying on the Free State Government since the death of Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins is from the London *Outlook*, whose Irish contributions are generally pertinent and interesting: —

In Mr. Cosgrave Ireland has a tolerant leader, with a sense of humor and a knowledge of his own limitations; a man who will profit from the errors both of the old and of the new nationalism. Mr. Cosgrave is neither a rhetorician nor a morose idealist. His chief lieutenant in Parliament is Mr. O'Higgins, to whom has been entrusted the passage of the Irish Constitutions through the Dàil, and who is credited with parliamentary ability and courage, both moral and physical. Mr. MacGrath, Minister of Labor, and Mr. Hogan, Minister of Agriculture, have both given evidence of a kind of philosophical detachment which has hitherto been rare among Irish politicians; they will not ask of their fellow countrymen more than human nature can give. Mr. Blythe, the Home Secretary, is an Ulster Protestant, who knows that the North and the South each suffer from delusions.

The two idealists in the Government are Mr. John MacNeill, Minister of Education, and General Mulcahy, Minister of Defense. In remembering that Mr. MacNeill has lost a son who fought for the Irregulars, one realizes something of the personal tragedy which those who have taken up the burden of Irish Government have to surmount. General Mulcahy speaks a poetical prose which has caused suspicion in certain quarters; and it has been thought by some that his spiritual home is with the romantics of English accent who prefer dying for Ireland instead of living for her. He is really strong-minded enough, and there is room in Irish public life for a man who will protect our new realism from developing into cynicism.

The President of Dàil Eireann has raised the unpleasant question in the Irish Assembly: Who is to pay for the destruction wrought in Ireland by the civil war? Under the law the taxpayers must meet the cost of repairing these damages, which have already run into millions of dollars.

The *Weekly Freeman* argues that it is plainly unjust to make the people as a whole pay for destruction wrought in districts where the taxpayers themselves have encouraged or tolerated the insurgents: —

Is the whole country to assume liability for the losses in areas where the silence of the inhabitants gives consent to the destruction that is going on, and where the people even connive at their losses because they think that they are injuring the national Government? Plainly that would be inequitable; it would be as reasonable to propose to introduce a bill for the compensation of suicides. Some discrimination must be made.

A number of members laid down the principle that the innocent must not be made to suffer for the guilty. Precisely. The districts that are active in trying to protect themselves and in assisting the Government to protect them, must not be made to suffer for the places that enjoy the fanaticism of self-destruction. The debate will bring ratepayers and taxpayers face to face with their duty. They must help to stop the destruction if they are to save their purses.

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A SOVIET ENVOY IN PEKING

BY RODNEY GILBERT

From the *North China Herald, September 2*
(SHANGHAI BRITISH WEEKLY)

THE arrival of a new Soviet envoy in Peking and his reception by the 'intellectuals,' mostly of the Peking Government University, have aroused in the Chinese press much comment and controversy. The extraordinary plenipotentiary of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic who has come among us is Mr. A. A. Joffe, whose prewar record is obscure, but who was associated with Trotskii on the first military commission after the Revolution. He subsequently negotiated treaties with Latvia and Esthonia. He was once the Soviet Minister to Germany, but was expelled because of his alleged participation in Spartacan conspiracies. He was one of the Russian delegates to the late lamented Genoa Conference.

The intellectuals who received him were the representatives of fourteen radical organizations and were led by Tsai Yuan-pei, head of the Peking University, Hu Shih, and others of nation-wide influence within the student and professional classes. The Chinese papers give a complete list of the fourteen organizations. It is not necessary to name them all to get an impression of their general character. They included the Antichristian Society, the New Tide Society, the Antireligious Society, the Principles of Karl Marx Society, and what not.

Speaking for these organizations, Tsai Yuan-pei is reported to have said to Mr. Joffe: —

The Chinese Revolution was a political one. Now it is tending toward the direction of a social revolution. Russia furnishes a good example to China, which thinks it advisable to learn the lessons of the Russian Revolution, which started also as a political movement but later assumed the nature of a social revolution. *Please accept the hearty welcome of the pupils to the teacher.*

If things were going well in China, if there were a general feeling of confidence in the workability of democracy through representation, or if any considerable element in China were thinking seriously and unselfishly of China's political problems and her political future, an exchange of compliments between a group of professors and one of the Soviet's 'trump cards' would be insignificant. In Great Britain or America, where the average man puts much reliance in his own 'horse sense' and instinctively discounts the theories of professors, it would be less than significant — it would be funny. It would be given no serious consideration in the press because only the funny side of it would have news value.

In China conditions are different. Whether China is on the way to reform and progress or not, the people undoubtedly believe she is not. The majority of foreigners in residence here concur in this belief with the general public and help to confirm all classes in it. Not only professors and students, but merchants, big and small, farmers, soldiers, policemen, and coolies, when they are called upon to think about it, are convinced that things are not going well in China; that they are, indeed, going from bad to worse.

The element in China which believes

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that democracy through representation is possible in this generation or the next is now very small. The untutored do not analyze theories; they judge them by the results of their application. It would be no exaggeration to say that ninety-five per cent of the rural population of China, judging the Chinese Republic by results, thinks now that the overthrow of the Empire was a criminal mistake. The middle classes, contemplating the Tuchunate on the one hand and Parliament on the other, find no more reason than the rustics do for putting faith in representative government.

The intellectuals, having at least a superficial knowledge of political science, know that a representative system, unchecked by intelligent and articulate public opinion, is not only impossible but absurd. They contemplate the results of ten years of pseudorepublicanism as the rustics and the merchants do, and pronounce it a failure to date. They contemplate the painfully slow growth of public opinion and the painfully slow development of mediums of education and expression, and logically conclude that republicanism, in the form in which it has been bodily imported and imposed upon China, will not work in China for another half-century.

The little minority which still loyally champions the idea of government through representation, along the lines which it has taken in China during these past ten years, is made up largely of the militarists and the professional politicians, the opportunists who make hay while the sun shines and who have found the very unworkability of representative government in China their own greatest advantage. These classes derive their mandate from the returned students and the foreigners of influence in China, whom no failure will convince that the precise forms of government which have been the best for Great Britain, America, and other powerful and prosperous nations, are not also the best for China, now, regardless of conditions or traditions, and without compromise or adaptation.

There are only two classes in China which think seriously and consistently about public affairs. They are the opportunists and the intellectuals. The interest of all other classes is, to China's sorrow, occasional and casual, aroused only when the results of a political or military movement or change threaten to impinge upon their daily lives. The motives which prompt the teachers and students, the intellectuals, to think seriously upon public affairs are wholly unselfish in the main; while the motives which prompt the militarists and the professional politicians, the opportunists, to think seriously of politics are almost without exception selfish.

These two classes are instinctive enemies. This has been true in all ages and in all countries. Whatever system the opportunists uphold, the intellectuals radically oppose. Their hostility to the opportunists is so intense that the intellectuals cannot contemplate compromise with the exploiting class, whatever it may happen to be.

The tendency therefore is to consider no compromise with whatever system of government happens to cover and sanctify the activities of the opportunists. The professional politicians in China say that they are giving the Chinese people republicanism, democracy through representation, constitutionalism, and the like. The whole trend of thought among the students and teachers in China has therefore been gradually and rather timidly approaching open hostility to the idea of representative government and every idea associated with it.

A big percentage of the old literati, the conservative intellectuals, have re-

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verted openly and frankly to the idea of a monarchy, constitutional or otherwise. The intellectuals of the younger generation, with whom the idea of a monarchy is untenable, have, as they have gradually been weaned away from their first ardent enthusiasm for representative government, been groping about among the fragments and smatterings of various political 'isms' which have come to their attention for something to play against the republicanism exploited by their natural enemies, the opportunists.

The young and intensely serious mind cannot remain a vacuum. The young reformer must have a faith and a cause. The young intellectuals in China have been groping for a new faith for three or four years. This has been obvious to all who have given even casual attention to student publications. During this period of groping no political 'ism' has been so conspicuous and so widely advertised throughout the world as Bolshevism. Such adverse advertising as the Communistic theory has had in the Orient, emanating as it has largely from Japanese official pronunciamentos and Chinese official denunciations, has been calculated to do no more than prejudice the young intellectual in favor of Bolshevist Russia long before he had any idea what Communism meant. Instead of alienating him, it prepared his mind for a favorable consideration of what his natural enemies condemned.

To the really adverse advertising — the truth about what Communism has really done for Russia and to Russia — the average student or teacher in China has had scant access, and no one has taken any particular pains to see that he should have liberal access to such information. The favorable advertising of Communism in China has been patiently, consistently, and cleverly supplied by Russian agents in every town all up and down the China Coast. While the intellectual class was groping for an 'ism' Bolshevism was always within reach, theoretical and rosy-hued Bolshevism, unalloyed by any counter propaganda from a source which the self-respecting young intellectual had any reason to admire or respect.

The result is clearly enough stated in Tsai Yuan-pei's address of welcome to the new Soviet envoy. The Russian Communist is the teacher; the Chinese intellectual is the pupil. What ought to be, and will be, China's greatest motive power toward reform and regeneration is for the moment openly pledged to Bolshevism, to an intellectual alliance with the forces in Russia which have made that country the happy hunting-ground for every bogey which can make the life of man an intolerable burden.

This is really serious. Tsai Yuan-pei is one of the two high priests of the Chinese intellectuals — the only class in China which thinks seriously and consistently enough upon public affairs to be a check upon the military and political adventurers who have hitherto monopolized the powers of government under the Republic. Tsai Yuan-pei and Sun Yat-sen are the high priests of this class. This unqualified statement may astonish many foreigners in China who think they know what is going on in the Chinese mind, but to whom Tsai Yuan-pei is only a name, while they have been comfortably confirmed in their own conviction that Sun Yat-sen is mad by assurance to the same effect from all the sober Chinese merchants and officials with whom they have come in contact. It is a fact, however, that whatever we know or think of the Peking University and of Dr. Sun's Kuomintang coterie as fountain-heads of wisdom, they either appeal to the imaginations or control the opinions of a vast majority of China's teachers and students.

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Not long ago in Paotingfu, while both Tsao Kun and Wu Pei-fu were established there, and while the town was overcrowded with delegates from every province paying homage to Wu Pei-fu, the conservative teachers of an advanced school asked their pupils, in an examination paper, to name the greatest man in China. The vote for Dr. Sun Yat-sen was almost unanimous. The most prominent labor leader in Canton, the man who directed the Hongkong seamen's strike, told the writer a few months ago that the active labor leaders, though socialists, were conservatives compared with the students returned from the Peking University, who proclaimed themselves advocates of Bolshevism, anarchism, nihilism, free love, and everything else radical, and surrounded themselves with large followings of local students.

These are isolated examples of a prevalent condition. There is not a town in China big enough to have a school in which the scholastic element does not come directly or indirectly under the influence of the Peking University, and scarcely a school in which Dr. Sun is not admired as the active exponent of the intellectual's aspirations. The men who direct the trend of thought in the Peking University and profoundly influence the thinking of all of their kind in China, are led by Tsai Yuan-pei, Hu Shih, and Li Shou-tsang, all professed Communists now, and all leaders in one or another of the fourteen organizations which greeted Mr. Joffe a few days ago as pupils greeting their master.

The tendering of this greeting is an event to which no one interested in China's future can afford to be indifferent. It is made doubly significant, perhaps ominous, by the fact that it coincides with the final conscious conviction among so many classes of Chinese that the Republic is a failure and that the imported brand of democracy will not be practicable in China in any time less than a half-century. It means that the intellectuals will be in a position, in a very short time, to persuade the Chinese people that the only alternative to chaos and ruin through imitation of Occidental democracy is the imitation of Russia under the guidance of Russian Communist masters.

It is therefore time that those who know what the Communistic experiment in Russia has meant and still means to the Russian people should make a united and consistent effort to tell the Chinese people, and particularly the Chinese intellectuals, about it. It should be made clear to them what the sovietizing of China under expert Russian management would mean for China.

But no Chinese and no outsider has any right to criticize the Chinese intellectuals for their leaning toward Bolshevism, or to tear the Russian Soviet Government to bits before their eyes, until he has some solution of China's difficulties, some system to suggest other than the pseudorepublicanism which official adventurers have exploited almost to the nation's ruin, and, needless to say, something giving better promise than the Russian brand of Bolshevism. Destructive criticism of Communism alone is worse than futile at this juncture, because it will only serve to draw us all into endless and futile polemics, which the Chinese intellectual takes delight in prolonging and in which he will always persist until he has the last word.

The time has come when every individual and every force must focus all possible serious thinking upon the evolution of a system of government which will work in China — not elsewhere — and which will be congenial to the traditions and temper of the Chinese people.

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CONSTANTINOPLE

BY ALFONS PAQUET

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, September 22*
(LIBERAL DAILY)

IN the garden of the old Serail, where the people of Stamboul watch the blue waters of the Bosporus from the dusty grass plots, some twenty soldiers in odd fur caps are engaged in rifle drill. Idlers crowd around to watch them. After the drill is over they gather in a circle around their young officer, who vigorously keeps time with both arms while they sing a chorus in deep bass and clear treble voices. The effect is solemn and impressive, like a distant echo from beyond the Dnieper. French officers walking by with their ladies on their arms pause and say: 'They are to send them to Brazil — rather an extraordinary place for such people, is it not?'

Turkish families are basking in the sun on the At-Maiden. The men seem to have surrendered themselves to a life of apathetic, useless idleness. Russians are sitting on the benches, by the side of children and black-robed women. A costly fountain in the midst of the lawn, given by the Germans in the days of their prosperity, serves as a perching-place for a few dozen loafers. Their faces, seen above the black polished marble balustrade, look as if they were gazing at us from a gondola. In front of the great obelisk idle soldiers stand with listless faces. They know nothing of the meaning of this gigantic and mysterious sundial, with its sharply chiseled hieroglyphics, so distinct, so legible, so perfect to-day that it seems as if everyone should know how to read them. For to these soldiers even the green bronze serpent column in the square, which a Greek Emperor brought here a half-score centuries ago from Delphi, means no more than a broken bottle that some savage forest tribe has stuck upon the pole in its village for a fetish.

The crowd loses itself in the little Stamboul shops, whose windows display shallow basins of cheese, curds, and other delicacies made of milk, and in the coffee houses, where fifty men or more will sit crowded together a whole afternoon, waiting until a crier announces the lucky numbers in the lottery drawings.

Turkish soldiers are on guard in front of the entrance of Santa Sophia. Strangers who wish to enter must show their permits. Greeks are not admitted. They have so often boasted that they will raise the Cross again over this mosque, they are not tolerated inside its portals.

In a quiet quarter of the city, on the bank of the Golden Horn, stands the Greek Vatican. This palace is hardly to be distinguished from the simple blue-tinted houses of the neighborhood. It contains many little offices like students' dormitories, long cloister-like corridors and reception halls and commons-rooms, on whose walls hang oil portraits and enlarged photographs of gray-bearded ecclesiastics in tall caps and monastic robes. The whole place expresses apostolic simplicity and poverty. In the library are the records of the Greek people from the beginning of Turkish rule. There repose the solemnly sealed treaties which the Sultan has observed for centuries, and the acts of the martyrs of the National Church.

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The chapel in the forecourt of the Patriarchs' Palace is a tiny building, unimposing enough from the outside. But once inside its golden walls, its holy pictures and reliquiæ preserve a remnant of the imposing pomp of rich Imperial Byzantium. Built into the wall above the entrance is the two-headed eagle over the crossed keys.

The Œcumenical Patriarch shows himself to the faithful at morning service. He wears eyeglasses; a heavy golden crown seems to rest heavily on his delicate gray head, and a brocaded mantle hangs over his shoulders. Acolytes hold ancient candelabra with flaring lights above the scriptures, as the ritual prescribes. Shafts of sunlight enter through the round, tinted window-panes in the golden wall. Coats of arms with golden eagles, gold and ivory candlesticks the height of a man, and the colored lights playing about the heads and shoulders of the priests and the worshipers, lend an exotic richness to the ceremony. Greek chants intoned in the even monotonous rhythm of ancient music fill the air. Submerged Byzantium seems still to lift a tiny summit out of the ocean of the past. One feels as if a dead man were moving in his grave.

When the worshipers leave the church they pass between rows of beggars. The fence in front of the forecourt garden is hung with newspapers, posters, and pictures of the day. Among the last are pictures of King Alexander with a pretty young woman in an automobile, and a naïve lithograph of the unsuccessful attempt to assassinate Venizelos in a Paris railway station, with a cluster of angels and protecting guardian-saints hovering above the intended victim. One big sheet has pictures of the old heroes of the Greek War of Liberation, from Ypsilanti down, surrounding a large photograph of that Cretan statesman, wearing his professor's spectacles, in the centre.

But there are no pictures of Constantine. It would be dangerous to display them at Constantinople.

On the heights of Pera stands the great white building formerly occupied by the German Embassy. The silent palace is surrounded by a fence of iron lances. The window shutters are closed; and the arms of Sweden are affixed to the iron grating at the entrance. I have memories of this building: of a conversation with a wise, elderly man sitting at a writing-desk. The solid structure stands like a fortress on the border of the continent. Its white façade is visible from far beyond the Bosporus, on the Asiatic mainland.

In the garden of a neighboring refreshment place I sit under a scanty trellis and take a cup of coffee. There is a beautiful view from this point over the Bosporus, as there used to be from the great windows of the Embassy next door. I fall into conversation with an American sailor who belongs to the crew of a destroyer anchored below us. The young man tells me of his life in Constantinople, and of his little war-vessel, that cruises every Saturday to some port in the Black Sea. At the time of the panic it went to Odessa and brought back refugees. Women and children were quartered on deck, even under the guns. A machine gun was posted on the bridge to repel attack. The sailor is a lively little fellow, whose home is New York City, but whose parents are Southerners. Though he is torpedo-mate, he does not live on board, but has lodgings in the city. He expects to marry a French girl living in Constantinople, and to return with his wife to New York; he has an appointment in the aviation corps. In 1917 he was in the North Sea hunting submarines. They had a lively fight with U-55 and towed her into Liverpool. He was wounded and spent some time in a hospital in Paris. 'That was my

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part in the war,' he said. 'We are on good terms with everybody now. When we lie in port with English vessels they use our shore-boats and we use theirs.' The man was formerly a mechanic. He now feels like a person living on a private income, and regards the contingencies of a military career most philosophically. 'I have not really worked for six years, and I am satisfied with this job.' So we sit there under the thin trellis next to the great white silent Embassy, and drink our coffee with the calm composure that we have learned from the Turk. . . .

I wander through the upper quarter of Stamboul between silent wooden houses, along deserted streets not even enlivened by playing children. I am in search of a house that I never succeed in finding; perhaps it fell victim to one of the great conflagrations. But during my wanderings I chance upon a partly concealed courtyard, in which there is an old stone structure. It is the entrance to the *Yere Batan* Cistern. This cistern is as large as a church. Its great vaulted roof is supported by ancient Corinthian columns and covers a subterranean lake. A couple of larking soldiers in a tiny boat are paddling about below, in the dim electric light.

Next I find myself in a bazaar — a labyrinth of dark-blue, half-lighted, vaulted passageways and halls where the oblique rays of the sun make little patches of yellow illumination here and there. In the midst of booths filled with wares and trumpery of a thousand colors, I drink a cup of tea in the company of two old Persian merchants, who are sitting on a sofa in a secluded corner and playing tricktrack.

Then I continue my aimless wandering. I come on a peculiar low stone building without windows, on one side of a great square in front of the Mosque of Sultan Bajazet. Through a doorway I catch a glimpse of a bit of lawn, a fountain, and a passage. Young men in white turbans are lounging between the pillars talking with a Russian student, who, like myself, is an uninvited guest. They show us their cells and little vaulted classrooms.

A visitor who surrenders himself to the spirit of this city loses his sense of time. The pale antiquities of the museums — those ripe fruits of the early centuries — seem to him no more than coeval with the proud pomp of these lofty mosques, and these tiny locked cemeteries that border the city streets. The parades, army orders, and administrative measures that foreigners in Pera have tried to force on this country have left Stamboul untouched. It has merely retired into itself. It is the last city in Europe into which the West has tried to infuse the spirit of the West.

Yet even its glowing colors begin to fade; its motley beauty and obese dignity — though almost imperceptibly as yet — begin to show the slow but sure effects of the blockade. We no longer see the broad blue robes, the flower-embroidered sashes, the gold-worked turbans of former days, although the shops are filled with bright-patterned cottons from Manchester. The army of officials that once administered a great empire from this city is waiting in idleness for salaries that are never paid. Secretly and silently the ancestral treasures of the old Turkish nobility are dribbling across to Pera and disappearing in foreign coffers.

Even to-day, all the peoples of the East intermingle in the thronging markets and bazaars: negroes and Circassians, Persians and Syrians. But the wealth of silks and rugs and fruits that the Orient used to pour into the city's lap is no longer here. There are sections of the old bazaars that look like empty cellars. Other sections are like exhibitions of European products. The high walls and portals of the caravansaries

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tower above the streets like remnants of mediæval castles. Families who have lost their homes in the recent fires monopolize the courtyards. The stalls are filled with pitiful remnants of household goods snatched from destruction.

The old guild of porters—with their triangular cushions of wood and leather—still rules the docks and quays. Horses with turquoise-blue stones set in their harness still draw the trucks and drays. The round cans of the water-sellers, hung with bells and crescents until they look like shell-bearing trees or metal towers, still glitter amid the market crowds. Groups of veiled women make the rounds from shop to shop, their red-tinted finger-tips just visible below their wide sleeves. Fortune tellers still hover about the entrance to the mosques — witch-like old women whose silk gowns, originally violet, have become the color of the earth from dust and sun. They shake something that jingles in their hands, and with a quick gesture strew a medley of buttons, stones, fruit-pits, and coins upon their carpet. Their features have an almost puzzling blankness: leather-like faces, and copper-colored eyes with no lashes, which seem not to see the person who stands in front of them, but to drill through him with a sibylline glance.

Nothing is more delightful than to spend a sunny morning under the canvas canopy of the little Persian tea-house just removed from the market behind the Mosque of the Sultan Mother. Canary birds twitter in swinging cages. The yellow marble tables have no other ornament than little red lacquered trays with the tender green shoots of a dwarf leek. Hookahs are going: bubbles rise through the water, the white ashes in the crown-like tobacco-bowls glow and fade in regular rhythm, and the patrons blow thin clouds of smoke from their lips. Among the customers stands a man calling out prices, selling to the best bidders flesh-colored hyacinths, fresh Cheiranthus, amber narcissi, and bunches of dark violets. The buyers thrust their purchases into tiny baskets covered with a moist white cloth.

During the afternoon one always sees Turks sitting passively in the little garden of the Suleiman Mosque, waiting for the white turban of the imam to appear in the gallery of the minaret. At length the latter calls the faithful to prayer, his voice scarcely audible above the tumult of the streets below. Thereupon these men deliberately rise and vanish for a moment beyond the magnificent colonnade that surrounds the mosque. The heavy mats that curtain the portals make a slight slapping noise as they finally disappear inside. Each man, slippers in hand, goes to his wonted place under the gray marble pillars of the chancel, or beneath the great dome suspended on its bold arches of white and colored marble and adorned with thousands of pendent lamps.

Their prayer begins with a quiet, reverent pose. Then they almost automatically raise the palms to the height of the ears and clasp both hands over their stomachs with a deep sigh as of relief. Thereupon they make a profound obeisance, prostrating the body until the forehead touches the floor again and again. After this the worshiper rises and seats himself. A reader, who is invisible, recites in a high, piercing, almost supernatural voice verses from the Koran, while the worshipers range themselves in ranks before the alcove — porters shoulder to shoulder with officers, white-bearded priests side by side with boys. This remarkable moment is the climax of the service. It lasts only a few minutes. Then each individual returns to his former place and squats down with his hands upon his knees, palms upward. Last of all, each worshiper stands rigidly erect for

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a moment, as silent and motionless as a pillar, then raises his hands above his forehead, retires to the entrance, resumes his slippers, and goes outside, where the sun is bathing the square in warm, golden brilliance.

This service is a daily incident in a Mohammedan's life, which he observes as regularly as his meals. The simplicity and sincerity of the faith it reveals gives a Westerner his first understanding of the power of Islam. Let us remember that we could hardly think of the Orient without Islam. It is as if this religion had absorbed all the spiritual impulses and vitality that once belonged to the ancient civilizations of this quarter of the globe. Breathless Delphic adoration, combined with the mighty compulsion of a single faith!

I talked with a Turk who had studied in the West and had read Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe*. He said: 'We still attend the mosques, because they are the common meeting-place of our people, and because simple folks hear there the sharp reproofs addressed by the discontented to the bonzes of Dalma-Bagtsche, those old statesmen and Excellencies who negotiate with Paris and London and tremble for their revenues. The present sentiment of discontent, rising to the point of rebellion, was as unknown in olden days as the poems, satires, and dialogues of our younger school of writers, who have deserted the theological themes of their fathers, and print pretty books and periodicals illustrated with pictures of handsome young Turkish women of the modern type, and inquiries into the nature of religion after the style of the new Moslem Academy.'

On the green slopes at the head of the Golden Horn lies Eyub. It is an isolated suburb — a village, a single street, an almost untouched remnant of old Turkey. The street consists of a few clean little shops. One displays nuts, grapes, raisins, cinnamon, and basins filled with henna; another sells tiny ships and dolls made of brightly painted board; just beyond lies the open workshop of a stone-cutter, with unfinished plank-like tombstones lying about. These are covered with flour-white lime dust and adorned with the same turbans, scrolls, and spiral vine-like decorations that have ornamented the tombs of Mohammedans for centuries.

Carts, pedestrians, and shepherds crowd the narrow passages between the shops. From the open doorway of a tiny restaurant whose walls are adorned with posters, old tin plates, script proverbs, and glass portraits of the Sultans, a savory odor of roasting meat reaches us. Not far from the wharf, where the local steamer stops and a fleet of brightly painted canoes and rowboats lies at anchor, stands a new school for boys, with a tasteless miniature mosque.

But a half-ruined mausoleum — a charming structure of the Turkish renaissance, standing in a little garden that is a perfect tangle of shrubbery and blossoms — is the real beginning of this street, which leads directly to the arched entrance of that proud mosque which the conqueror of Constantinople erected to the memory of one of the standard-bearers of the Prophet. Beneath its portals letter-writers and traffickers of various kinds have set up their tables. In the middle of the broad paved forecourt stands a pretty kiosk-like fountain, with low steps, for religious ablutions. Under a silver-gray plane tree, whose foliage has not yet started, a tame stork and a flock of pearl-gray pigeons sedately promenade. Magnificent tombs surrounded by gilded gratings, their green and red walls bearing pious texts from the Koran and tender commemorative inscriptions, form the beginning of an extensive cemetery, whose crowded headstones are lost in a wilderness of cypresses, evergreens, yews, and dark spring flowers.

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The inner court is a passageway between the pillars of the mosque and a wall covered with blue glazed tiles. It is shaded by century-old plane trees. The trunk of each is surrounded by low palisades. Along the blue-tiled wall are ranged several beggars before the entrance of each mortuary chapel. In the dimly lighted vaulted interiors one sees the sarcophagi surrounded by enormous candles and covered with silks and brocades.

In one of these chapels I came upon a group of silent, reverent women-visitors. The sacristan explained to them the holy character of the spot, and performed a mystic rite. He picked up a rattling chain consisting of pieces of wood the size of a walnut, like an immense rosary, and passed it several times over the shoulders of the women and over the children whom they carried in their arms.

Outside stood several young Indian soldiers watching the proceedings. They were curious to see what was occurring, but did not venture to enter the little room. They wore turbans of bright-brown linen, and their reverent pose seemed not out of keeping with their military garb. The most imposing of these men wore a full black beard. They puzzled me, these Indians, with their correct and dignified demeanor and silent self-effacement. Perhaps their silence is due to the fact that they speak no tongue but that of their own country. Nevertheless they seem to love this city. One meets them unexpectedly, everywhere.

LABOR ETHICS

BY BRUNO BORCHARDT

[Some paragraphs of the following article have been summarized, without change of meaning, on account of its length.]

From *Sozialistische Monatshefte, September* 12
(Berlin Conservative-Socialist Fortnightly)

Preaching is always a thankless task. We do not persuade men by words, but by conduct, by deeds, by examples. It is doubly thankless to talk to the workingmen of labor ethics at a time when other classes are engaged in an orgy of unbounded selfishness and profiteering. It is an especially thankless task, moreover, to urge workers to labor harder and to produce more, just now when arbitrary private control is running riot in industry.

I recently heard a merchant describe how he had put through a business deal, at a profit of a few thousand marks, in connection with which he had been obliged to write more than six hundred letters before he finally got his goods shipped out of the country; and I made a note in my own mind that the worst complaints about red tape in our government offices fade into nothing compared with the red tape in private business. Soon afterward I heard an-

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other merchant describe how he bought a carload of goods shipped into Germany from abroad, and without unloading the goods sold them over the telephone, at a profit of 150,000 marks; and this time I was amazed at the ease and simplicity with which private business can be conducted.

But I feel a certain diffidence in pointing out similar differences of management to workingmen, and in urging them to systematize and economize their efforts, to simplify their manner of living, and above all to increase their output by harder and more persistent labor.

Yet we cannot evade this issue of labor's class duty to society. We must appeal first and foremost to workingmen. The individual laborer is not more moral in his attitude toward society, merely because he belongs to the working class, than is the individual bourgeois. Meanwhile his limited education and his associations deprive him of the refinement that culture and leisure bestow. We know, however, that the working classes, and they alone, carry the future on their shoulders; and they must be filled with a consciousness of a coming mission that imposes upon them higher moral standards than those of the bourgeoisie. The worker should ever carry in his heart Lassalle's admonition: 'These things are unworthy of you: the vices of the oppressed, the dissipations of the thoughtless, the innocent frivolity of the insignificant. You are the rock upon which the church of the future shall be built.'

It is more important than ever that we should bear this truth in mind during our present period of distress, when we are only too keenly conscious that we have lost a war such as mankind has never seen before, the scars of which the world will long bear. No amount of arguing over who is responsible for the war will change the fact that we have been vanquished and must pay the penalty of defeat. Nor should we be deceived by expressions of sympathy from Anglo-Saxon mouths — cheap payment for the colonies and the merchant marine the English have taken from us. The draining of our productive strength by battle losses, the deterioration of our business structure, the decline of moral standards, have destroyed so much wealth and comfort, have so depreciated our fund of civilization and culture, have so deteriorated our people physically and psychically, that only by immense sacrifices can the present generation, with its already weakened resources, provide for the next generation the conditions indispensable for ultimate recovery.

Even in normal times a country does not live upon its accumulations, upon gold and investments, but directly upon the products of its daily labor. Our people, impoverished as they are by the war, naturally cannot support themselves from reserves of gold and securities that they do not possess, but only by the fruits of their daily toil. So the first task before us is to increase the products of labor. How this is to be accomplished — whether by lengthening the working day, by more intensive labor, by better management, by improved machinery and processes, or by a combination of all these things — is a problem that must be worked out independently for each line of business. It is folly to imagine that any single remedy will apply to all cases. Our object is to get the maximum product for our effort, and that will generally be accomplished by some combination of the methods I have mentioned. It is as erroneous to imagine that we can increase labor output merely by lengthening the working day, as it is to assume that merely by shortening the working day we shall surely improve the quality of our work.

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The general arguments in favor of shortening hours of labor need not be repeated; we all understand them. We know that the early objections to shortening the working day have proved groundless. But we also know that output is affected by the hours we work. There are many industries where the service performed is measured very closely by the time devoted to it. For instance, this is true of the transportation industries. The service of a conductor or a brakeman can only be measured by its time dimension. In their case more intensive work will not increase production. In factories, likewise, we have to distinguish between operations where intensive labor and concentrated attention will enable a worker to produce more in a shorter period, and operations where the employee is paced by a machine and his output is measured very closely by the time he is on duty.

To-day it is so imperative to increase the output that even questions of distribution, weighty as they are from both a social and an ethical standpoint, yield to this in importance. Our present profiteering is due mainly to a lack of goods, which enables those who possess them to extort monopoly prices; and it is, therefore, an evil to be remedied by increasing production rather than by regulating distribution. Of course we must not forget that the distribution of wealth in our present society is unfair, that those who contribute the heaviest services to creating goods receive the smallest share of them.

We should always bear in mind that the unfair engrossing of the products of labor by a small minority deprives the workers of part of that to which they are entitled. But we must not let this fact blind us to the more important truth, that the volume of production since the war is not sufficient to maintain our people in a state of comfort, even were goods distributed with the utmost justice. The results of the war have been so disastrous that we need not fear producing excess goods; nor ought we to insist that every improvement in machinery and processes that increases production be accompanied by a shortening of the working day and additional opportunities for the worker to enjoy the cultural blessings of society.

Naturally we must still devote some labor to objects outside of the production of immediate physical necessities. Trade, commerce, and administrative work must still go on. No one can fail to see that, other things being equal, our production will be larger in proportion as the labor we devote to these subsidiary but necessary objects is less. Consequently the work of distribution and administration should be done in the most economical and efficient way. But at present we are following precisely the opposite policy. Every Government office in the Commonwealth, the provinces, and the municipalities is crowded with officials and employees; and though their number is much larger than before the war, the service they perform is less.

What can we answer to the statement recently made by an ex-cabinet minister, that the Commonwealth postal service now employs 100,000 people more than it did in 1914, although our territory has been appreciably diminished during the interval? No person would venture to assert that our postal service is even approximately as good as it was in pre-war days. We hear that 25,000 post-office workers are to be relieved of their duties; but they are merely to be transferred to other Government departments. Every attempt made by the Government to disencumber itself of its superfluous civil servants meets with vigorous opposition on the ground that these people must not be turned out on the street.

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Why cannot these superfluous employees be diverted to productive pursuits? Is the country so overpopulated that we cannot find employment for our people? One might almost fancy that the war had not bled us enough, that it still left us with too many people, and that we still need new battles and pestilences to reduce our population to wholesome limits. . . .

But a mere glance at our leading branches of production proves that they could well employ more people than they do. This is particularly obvious in case of agriculture, coal-mining, and the building trades. There is an appalling decline in our crops and our coal output; and the housing crisis is calamitous. Only some rational way of diverting the surplus labor employed in administrative and nonproductive pursuits to truly productive pursuits will better these conditions.

But every such suggestion meets resistance. As soon as a man gets a job on Government works or a public office, he imagines that he has acquired a vested right to be supported by the general public, even though his service may not be needed, and may not contribute to the public welfare. This attitude of mind has been encouraged by our system of appointing civil servants for life. That is a system that does not accord with our times, and that we may hope to see eventually abolished. The same attitude of mind expresses itself in the overcrowding of the so-called learned professions, and the insistence of the members of these professions that the public shall support them, although it has no useful employment for them.

There is no natural justice in the claim made by people of higher education, engaged in the so-called cultural vocations, to receive special treatment from the Government. Quite the contrary. Every such person should be required to serve an apprenticeship in some directly productive occupation before he is entitled to receive an appointment as a teacher, a judge, or a civil servant. Even mechanics and laborers employed by our municipalities and Government departments regard their jobs as vested rights, which must not be taken from them, even though administrative reforms may make it possible to do their work with a reduced number of men. In every Government the welfare of the masses is superior to the welfare of the individual. The more clearly we comprehend that our individual interests must be subordinated to the interests of the community, the better it will be for all.

The working class is to be the ruling class of the future, precisely because its members are forced by necessity to organize efficiently for common effort. Their class solidarity is the very quality that entitles them to rule the community. But we are witnessing to-day the ascendancy of selfish private interests even among the working classes. Otherwise we should never find the workers employed in municipal or Government enterprises assuming the same attitude toward the municipality or the Government that they do toward hostile private employers. They would not resort to strikes to improve their working conditions, as they do in private industry. By so doing, they directly attack the welfare of the whole community.

For instance, it would not have been necessary to raise fares upon the street railways of Berlin to a height that makes it impossible for large classes of the people to patronize them, if the municipal-railway employees had not insisted upon special privileges and shorter hours than the rest of the working people. . . .

In truth, the workers themselves are the worst sufferers whenever they as a body adopt a policy that runs against

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the interests of the whole community. Whatever stands in the way of a revival of general prosperity affects them first and foremost — affects even those who are employed on Government works; for their welfare is inseparably connected with the welfare of the community at large.

The duty of lifting the standards of labor morality rests primarily upon the labor organizations themselves. These must prepare themselves to become not only technical producers but also moral producers. The laboring people must advance toward enlightened standards of conduct in the same degree that the propertied classes are failing to maintain their moral standards. They must compel recognition of the principle that it is the public duty of every individual to be a producer; that political rights must be conditional upon concrete service to society. Only thus is there any reason in political rights. But nothing can be accomplished by merely abusing others, no matter with what excellent grounds. The working people must begin with themselves. One of the most important, perhaps the most important, of the tasks that face the nation to-day is to achieve a new standard of labor ethics.

A PARISIAN'S MUSINGS

BY ABEL HERMANT

[*The author is a well-known French novelist.*]

From *Figaro, September* 25
(French Radical Daily)

Almost daily we discover new differences of character between the Anglo-Saxons and the Latins, particularly the French variety of the latter. That is nothing to be deplored. Rather it should be a cause of congratulation. What a monotonous place the world would be if everyone were just like his neighbor! Moreover, our differences, while they please our æsthetic taste, have a practical utility. Instead of making it more difficult for us to get along together, upon the whole they make it easier. Instead of compromising our cordial understandings, they help us to preserve them and to survive unharmed successive crises, each of which seemed fatal at the moment, but proves at the end to be salutary.

The philosophers of Greece, discoursing upon love and friendship, have argued with infinite detail these two theses: Does like attract like? Or, does unlike attract unlike? They have not proved the first, and they have conspicuously failed to disprove the second. Consequently we may consider this still an open question. I do not hesitate, however, to enter the lists with those who argue that unlikes attract each other. Such friendships are more fruitful and enduring. Don't quote to me your examples of Philemon and Baucis, or of good old couples

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who, after a long married life, have come to resemble each other remarkably. It is too easy to retort that this resemblance is the worst symptom in the world, and the best of proofs that such people do not really love each other.

Thank God, that is not what has happened with us and the English! And if we are always ready, as they are, to sign political compromises, where we make mutual sacrifices under the delusion that we have common interests and are seeking the same objects, we have not so far tried to resemble each other in character. We do not yield one jot or one tittle to the English on this point, nor do they yield to us. Ours is not an alliance of conjugal compromises. Each of our two nations is developing after its own pattern, exactly contrary to what psychologists have been predicting for centuries. Neither we nor the English have been duped for a moment by their nostrums or their psychology. Both the French and the British will doubtless continue for all time to attribute to themselves both good and bad qualities they do not have, and to disclaim good and bad qualities that everyone knows they do have. Certain of our century-old differences of opinion on this point are so evident that it is hard to see how they escape our experts. I will wager that when our troops withdrew from Chanak, our allies, who were obstinately determined to stay there, grumbled to themselves: 'These Frenchmen! Always the same! Trying to do something dramatic! What do they want? Probably they have their eye on Constantinople. We had better keep a sharp lookout. They are a tribe of chimerical imperialists. What they lack is common sense.'

If they did not say that at Chanak they wrote it at London each morning, in newspapers where the Prime Minister sings a pæan over each of his defeats. And they have abused us roundly into the bargain. It would be only too easy to retort with Molière's well-known verse: '*Vous donnez sottement. . . .*' I beg pardon for 'sottement.' But is the fact that a retort is easy a reason for not using it, if it fits the case? And who can fail to see which of the two nations has in this particular instance displayed the more brilliant lack of common sense?

I do not blame our allies. On the contrary, I envy them. They look at things in a big way. It is an open question whether a certain degree of absurdity is not the price we pay, the sacrifice we make, for thinking big, and whether Nemesis does not constantly lie in wait for those who do so. However, it is an honorable distinction to have Nemesis lie in wait for you.

I fear that just now we are not those for whom she is on the watch. It seems to me that we are taking a rather small view of all our problems, while the English are taking a big view; that we are making a petty private affair of them, oversolicitous for our immediate interests, and that meanwhile the English, who are equally intent on their own private interests, are blundering ahead in a bigger way and giving their cause the appearance of the whole world's affair.

For instance, ask an Englishman and a Frenchman,— particularly a Paris Frenchman,— What is the great question of the moment? Probably both will say, 'Why, our currency problem.' But they will have different ways of looking at it. The Parisian — let us admit it frankly — will have an alderman's opinion on the subject, while the Englishman will survey it like a Cæsar, an Alexander, an Attila, a Tamerlane, or any other great conqueror or invader. The Frenchman is preoccupied with the condition of his streets and the

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improvement of his boulevards. The Englishman is thinking of the Dardanelles, and is ready to fight and die for their freedom. His vision encompasses the whole route to the Indies.

The route to the Indies is a theme of meditation that appeals with peculiar force to the English mind. It is a mind that loves to associate — even in its dreams and moral aspirations — a certain vague idealism and well-recognized material interests. This route to the Indies, if we consider it in its modern form, is a water-route, commonplace enough in itself and devoid of all the elements of mystery. Back in the days of Homer, the principal characteristic of the sea in the eyes of man was its sterility; the author of the *Odyssey* seldom mentions the ocean without calling our attention to the fact that it does not bear crops. But the English know that it is at least a great convenience for transporting the fruits of the land. This is progress.

There had already been some progress in the times of Homer, if we count back to the prehistoric epoch. Our first routes were mere footpaths through the immense forests that covered Europe; and in memory of that distant past, when our only communication was by forest pathways made by 'blazing a trail' or breaking down shrubbery and branches, we call a highway of commerce 'a route' — *via rupta.*

I do not propose to limit the present meaning of the word to its primitive sense. That would be an archaism which would make our modernists groan. But I recall this fact — that our ancestors laboriously traced their first trails through virgin forests, possibly at the cost of mutilating what they considered sacred trees, and that these forests closed behind them leaving them isolated in the shadows of the sombre Europe of that age, the way the impenetrable forests of Africa enclosed Stanley with their realm of darkness — merely in order to make it clear, in the manner of Freud, that this word 'route,' this simple term that seems at first blush to have nothing extraordinary in form and meaning, has always preserved a connotation of mystery — at least for our subconscious mind.

Yes, there is something mystical about a route. The hand of man has traced it; but can we imagine that he was free to guide its course according to his fancy, and that in primitive days trails followed lines laid out for them by individual will? Did the great race-migrations follow the caprice of nomads? Have not routes, like the courses of rivers, always been determined by accidents of terrain, by insensible declivities, or by other natural features now forgotten? Why is it that our modern routes and highways so often follow those of ancient times? Why do our automobiles to-day bear testimony to the greatness of Rome, as the vehicles of some future age may bear silent witness to the present power of Britain?

These are subjects to ponder on when one has time to spare. Alphonse Daudet, if I remember rightly, was deeply interested in this subject of routes, and planned to write a story whose heroes should be journeyers along them. Probably, however, he would not have gone back to the deluge. Prehistoric topics do not tempt the French imagination. We like things that are up-to-date; we wish to feel the solid ground of everyday beneath our feet. We felt that we had done our duty to pure reason and the geometrical spirit when we inscribed the right to travel everywhere among the rights of man — a dictum, let me say in parenthesis, that at the time probably provoked a smile from the grandfathers of our matter-of-fact Allies of to-day. None the less, the principle we announced in theory was

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eventually accepted in practice. And what that theory demands of a route is, first of all, that it shall be constructed on a good subsoil, well paved, and well maintained.

Our country people exhibit no special affection for the paths they traverse daily on their way to their fields; but our city people, particularly the Parisians, have a naïve and attached devotion to the street where they reside. They love it equally if it is ugly — in fact, sometimes more. All the world recalls Madame de Staël's remark about the gutter of rue du Bac. Parisians who have been fortunate enough to reside for a considerable period in the same home make a little fatherland of their street, without thereby detracting from their loyalty to their greater fatherland. The last words of one of our Paris poets killed during the war expressed this charming sentiment: 'I die for France, and for the rue des Canettes!'

Due respect should be shown for this parochial patriotism. It is another reason — besides the possibly more practical considerations of business and administrative convenience — why our city fathers should be cautious, yes, more than cautious, in rechristening our streets and avenues. We all have an affection for pet names and the first names of persons and things we love, and we feel as if something were detracted from that love if we have to call them by different names each day. We are not as superstitious as certain savages who fancy that names are realities and abiding qualities of the person to whom they belong. But we do instinctively feel that names are traits of physiognomy.

In this respect we are much more exigent than our fathers, who attached little importance to given names and changed them whenever the fancy moved them.

We pretend to accept such changes, but we revolt against them in our hearts. I know old Parisians who reside in avenue du President Wilson. They are forced to give this as their official address; but they never do so without a mental reservation, muttering to themselves, 'I live in avenue du Trocadéro.'

DISTICHS

BY J. ST. LOE STRACHEY

[*London Mercury*]

TO THE COMMANDER OF AN ADMIRALTY WIRELESS STATION

Our new Arachne, with steel web unfurled,
You catch the wandering whispers of the world.

THE POETASTER

Rewrite the thrice rewritten. Strive to say
Some older nothing in some newer way.

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BUCCANEERS OF THE STEPPES

BY J. KESSEL

From *La Revue de France, September* 15
(French Radical Literary and Political Semimonthly)

Ataman Semenov

At the time of the Bolshevist Revolution in 1917, a petty Cossack officer named Semenov was stationed in Transbaikalia, as that part of Siberia is called which lies immediately east of Lake Baikal. It is a land where wild hills enliven the melancholy Siberian plain, where the population is very sparse, and where the winters are terribly cold and the summers are scorching hot.

It is not known what made Semenov go to war with the Bolsheviki at the outset of his career. Siberia was a chaos at that time: the laboring element stood for Lenin; the peasants, who are wealthier and stronger in Siberia than in European Russia, were hesitating; the Socialist-Revolutionaries were agitating against Moscow; Kolchak was preparing his unfortunate coup d'état; bands of Reds were trying to destroy the Trans-Siberian Railway and stop communication. It was an opportune moment for a man of a violent temperament, audacious character, and no scruples; and Semenov took his chance. One fine day, at the head of eleven men armed with nothing but nagaikas, — the dangerous scourge with a cluster of weighted lashes that the Cossacks use, — he attacked a strong detachment of Red Guards.

The effect of such a charge can only be understood by those who have seen a Cossack *djigitovka* or rough-riding exhibition, accompanied by the horsemen's wild piercing shrieks and howls. The Red Guards scattered, abandoning their rifles, with which Semenov promptly armed his followers. Presently fugitive Cossacks and runaway convicts reënforced him, and he marched against Chita, the capital of Transbaikalia. He captured the city without serious fighting. This was in 1918, and he ruled there until 1920.

Semenov put the country under an iron yoke. His six or eight thousand men were fellows who tossed off vodka by the barrel and smiled at death. They were the only compact force in the whole province. At first they took it upon themselves to maintain order; subsequently their order turned into a reign of terror.

Houses were scarce, and besides, any kind of permanent lodgings ill fitted the vagabond spirit of the Ataman. So he took for his own use and that of his immediate adjutants a hundred railroad-cars and furnished them with anything that pleased his fancy. Rare furniture, luxurious tapestries, precious wines were none too good for him and his henchmen. Armored locomotives carrying artillery and constantly under steam guarded the train against emergencies. In this tolerably safe stronghold a constant orgy was kept up — a true Russian revelry where the participants seemed frantically to pursue a joy that ever eluded them, where love of senseless destruction was let loose, and the sound of broken glasses ceaselessly punctuated drunken songs.

Such pastimes, by means of which alone the loyalty of his supporters

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could be assured, required large sums of money. When ransoming bankers and merchants ceased to provide this, Semenov turned to foreign treasuries.

France for a time believed she had found a valuable ally, and for a period subsidized Semenov. Eventually, however, the French representatives at Chita, disgusted with his methods and management, put a stop to this bounty. It was none too soon; for Semenov had already been for a considerable time in the pay of the Japanese. The latter discovered in Semenov just the tool to serve their schemes of encroachment in Eastern Siberia. He sold out to them completely.

His position was extremely favorable. All supplies destined for Admiral Kolchak came from the Pacific Coast; and Chita being midway between the Pacific and Kolchak, Ataman Semenov found himself entrenched like a robber baron at the head of a bridge, and profited handsomely from the consignments that went from Vladivostok to Omsk.

The amount of booty he thus seized will probably never be known; nor will the extent of his obscure smuggling operations and other frauds and speculations with the Japanese. When in urgent need of arms or supplies, he never hesitated to requisition French trains dispatched to the aid of Kolchak.

In the spring of 1919 I assisted in dispatching several such trains, and, observing that they carried an armored car full of soldiers at each end, asked if this was because of the Bolsheviki.

'Oh no; they are for defense against Semenov,' was the reply.

At this same Vladivostok station I witnessed the following scene.

A cry of pain rose from somewhere in the nondescript throng that filled the big waiting-room. The panic-striken people turned to flee and I caught sight of a tall, handsome, youthful Cossack subaltern, pale with rage, a nagaika in his hand, while before him stood a station official, writhing with pain, his face streaming with blood.

'I'll teach you — to tell me you have no candles when I ask you for some!' the young Cossack roared.

The commandant of the station, a colonel in uniform, stepped up to him and protested.

'And thou, too!' was the Cossack's answer, accompanied with a string of low abuse. The nagaika swung in the air, and with a sinister sound laid open the colonel's cheek.

The throng howled, terrified but passive. There were several foreign officers present, but they had orders not to interfere in quarrels between Russians. However, an American army captain could not restrain himself from stepping out of the crowd and saying to the young man: 'It's infamous! You ought to be hanged for this!'

The Cossack looked at his nagaika, then at the American, then again at the nagaika, and said in a menacing voice: 'Get out of this! Make laws in thy own country! Leave us alone!'

Meanwhile one of Semenov's adjutants walked in, attracted by the noise. He was at that time in Vladivostok on a pleasure trip. As soon as the young officer beheld his superior, he clicked his spurs, stood rigid, and saluted in the most brilliant form. After which, his hand still at his cap, he told his story to the lieutenant — and he told it exactly as it was.

The adjutant looked at the foreigners with apparent surprise. 'Is it really for this trifle that they made so much noise?' he said. 'Go on, my boy, it will be all right.'

And he walked out amid the respectful throng, with a most remarkable air of indolent and superb nonchalance.

The 'trifle' had taken place in a city

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where Semenov was not in control, and where several foreign missions were supposed to 'supervise' affairs. It is easy to imagine what things were like in Chita, and the hatred of its population for Semenov and his Cossacks.

He, however, never worried about popular sentiment. The terror inspired by his 'boys' was sufficient to assure both his and their safety, so he encouraged them. From time to time, in order to keep them amused, he would send them on little expeditions against the Reds. These expeditions were always a pretext for unlimited cruelties. Bolshevik or non-Bolshevik, all paid alike. Peasants' houses were set on fire; the peaceful inhabitants were abused in the most brutal fashion; and numbers were murdered and drowned.

During one whole winter a certain highway leading to Chita was marked, at regular intervals, with poles, to which naked corpses of Red Guards or peasants were attached. There were hundreds of them. Each corpse held out a rigid arm in the direction of Chita, from which was suspended the inscription: 'The way to the General Headquarters of Ataman Semenov.'

This barbarous and drunken existence ended a few months after Kolchak's debacle, when the Reds marched on Chita and Semenov's Cossacks fled. The Ataman and his chosen friends managed to send a few million dollars' worth of booty to Japan before they left Chita. However, yesterday's irresponsible despot was loath to leave the Orient altogether, and passed into Mongolia, where he declared himself king. But the Chinese Government took alarm and Japan hesitated to support her protégé in so ambitious an adventure. Semenov returned to Vladivostok, tried to start an insurrection there, failed, took refuge in Japan, and finally embarked for America with the design of reaching France in some clandestine way.

However, his lucky star only shone over his head in his native steppes. His fortune deserted him as soon as he reached a country where other laws than those of violence are in force. Ataman Semenov was arrested at Washington on a complaint of a trading company whose woollens had been stolen by his troops somewhere in Transbaikalia.

He exhibited genuine surprise at this. The matter of the stolen woollens had entirely slipped his mind! What did such a trifle count for amid his gigantic pillaging?

Next he was charged with having killed American soldiers. He protested, but apathetically. Human lives were so very cheap over in Siberia!

He was imprisoned until his 'wife' furnished money for his bail, and later was imprisoned and liberated again. This hide-and-seek with American justice seemed very trivial and undignified to an ataman who was accustomed to breathe death and destruction to his enemies. Finally he returned to the land of his former glory; and telegraph dispatches place him now somewhere in the Amur Province, on the Russian Pacific coast.

His career is not yet finished.

Father Makhno

Ukraina, the country whose fertile black soil has drunk in turn the blood of Tatar hordes, of free Cossacks, of Turkish Janizaries, of Great-Russian soldiers, and of Swedish mercenaries, has again become the scene of unceasing carnage. Since the Revolution, fighting has continued there with more violence and obstinacy than anywhere else in Russia. Some cities have changed hands twenty-seven times since 1918; Kief, the Ukrainian capital, the 'Mother of Russian Cities,' has

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changed its Government thirteen times. Each of these overturns called for new pillaging and bloodshed.

In the midst of this incredible chaos of policies, armies, and régimes, one man managed to keep above water through four years of the turmoil. He is 'Father Makhno.'

Makhno is the son of a peasant, and when the Revolution came he was a humble country school-teacher in a remote little Ukrainian village. The wine of new liberty that rushed to the heads of the whole Russian people during the first months after the downfall of the Tsar, intoxicated him also; but his mind was above the average peasant mind, and he aspired to be nothing less than a chief.

At the beginning of his career, Makhno was an ardent supporter of the Bolsheviki. He easily concocted a superficial gospel of revolt from the vague Marxian notions he possessed and the eternal peasant grievances he shared with his people. He spoke the Ukrainian dialect and knew by instinct the word-pictures he must paint before a peaceful meeting of muzhiks in order to turn it into a murderous mob. Whether he had a definite object in view, or simply delighted in feeling himself a demagogue, no one can say; but the success of his bloody preaching decided his career. He soon found himself at the head of a numerous band of deserters, professional vagabonds, idle peasants, and the usual riffraff that trails behind 'great men' of his stripe.

It was then that he thought the occasion ripe to proclaim his programme. What should it be? It must have enough 'pull' to carry people with him; but it must be vague enough to cover every conceivable kind of extortion and fraud. So he declared himself 'the protector of the peasant,' and limited his doctrine to this.

It must be said in justice to him that he was faithful to this 'programme.' Never, during his long career of plunder, has he harmed a peasant's hut. Often he even distributed in villages the booty he robbed from towns. He was shrewd enough to see that he could not survive without at least the passive support of the peasantry.

Popular imagination soon conceived him as a successor to the long line of legendary heroes whose fame is sung under the bright heavens of Ukraina. A carriage cushioned with precious rugs and furs, and drawn by three splendid white horses, swift as the wind, carried him across the Ukrainian steppes. As in the old days of the Tatar khans, beautiful women decked with jewelry followed him everywhere. His male companions wore high astrakhan caps and were armed to the teeth.

Immediately upon entering a village he was met by young girls in Ukrainian national costumes, greeting him with bread and salt on the thresholds of the peasant cabins; after which he received petitioners, promised to right wrongs, and distributed gifts. His popularity among peasants gave him a plausible pretext to intervene wherever his fancy dictated, to betray to-day the party to which he had sworn allegiance yesterday, and to seize every opportunity that promised booty and bloodshed. At first he posed as a Communist, and set fire to the great manor-houses, pillaging, violating, torturing the country gentry and their families. Eventually the Soviets recognized the highwayman under his Bolshevist disguise and tried to stop him. Thereupon Makhno declared that the Soviets had betrayed the peasants, and ranged himself with the White armies. As soon as he saw that Denikin's defeat was imminent, he began to help the Bolsheviki again. Later Wrangel succeeded in establishing a solid front against the Red Army; whereupon

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Makhno offered him a formal alliance. When Wrangel's army was put to flight by the Reds, Makhno delivered the Whites a blow in the back.

His bands were steadily growing, while the warring factions became demoralized and weary of fighting each other in a cause they did not understand. Daily new volunteers flocked to the black flag of Father Makhno, who at least did not talk of fatherland or proletariat, whose plans of pillage they understood perfectly, and who always shared his plunder with his men. Soon his army numbered fifteen thousand, and included infantry, cavalry, and artillery. His general headquarters were in the village of Gulai-Pole, where he lurked until his spies brought word that this or that Ukrainian town was evacuated by the Reds or by the Whites. Immediately Father Makhno was on the march, to sack the unfortunate town, holding and plundering it until succor came.

An eye witness thus describes a Makhno expedition: —

At four o'clock in the afternoon, Makhno's advance guards galloped through the city, gathering all the scum of the manufacturing districts around them. Father Makhno in person, with his general staff, arrived the next morning.

The slaughter of the bourgeoisie began immediately. Among others, a judge, a factory-owner, a big landowner, an engineer, and a priest were thrown out of a fourth-story window. Father Makhno personally busied himself robbing the safes in the banks, and cleaned out completely the pawnbroker's shops.

One evening Makhno, accompanied by a few followers, broke into my room, declaring that he wanted to know personally everyone who lived in the same house with him. He was very small, almost a large dwarf, with abnormally long arms, and was dressed in an officer's overcoat, a high black cap on his head.

'Do you know me?' he asked hoarsely; and without waiting for an answer said: 'I'm Makhno.' And he stretched his hand out to me. I do not recall what I said to him at that moment. In another twenty minutes he and his band were drinking vodka and tea, and eating cheese, bacon, and sausage in my room.

I do not know why they imagined, being quite drunk, that I was an acrobat. Anyway, they kept telling me: 'Go on! Walk on your hands!'

They drank until morning. Next evening they were again in my room, drinking, and insisted that I personally heat the samovar for them.

Every morning Makhno reviewed his troops. 'Good morning, my scoundrels,' was his usual greeting to them.

He ordered high caps made out of the astrakhan coats he took from the pawnbroker's, and distributed them himself among his best-trusted men. In a cellar he found eighteen barrels of sunflower oil and decided, Communist fashion, to arrange a public distribution of it. Each woman and child that came to the market place received two pailfuls of oil. However, when a deputation of starving mail-carriers came to him with a petition, he sent them away. 'I never write letters,' he said by way of explanation.

There also came to him a delegation of railway workers. 'What the devil are you good for?' he asked them. 'Robbing the people, that's all you do. If anyone wants to go anywhere — let him take a cart and a horse, and go! At least, there's no smoke and no stench. I present all the railroad property to you, fellows.'

Next, he learned that a number of sick workers were starving in a hospital, and felt sorry for them. Immediately, and without any formality, he presented them with a million and a half rubles. A few minutes later he killed with his own hand a chauffeur who did not have his motor car ready on time. Some more exploits of his do not lend themselves to description.

A surgeon having successfully operated on his wife for appendicitis, he took a handful of diamonds from his pocket and presented them to him. The surgeon refused them, and Makhno distributed the diamonds among the nurses.

All this time Makhno's brother, who was

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his Chief of Commissary, was pillaging private houses and presenting gold watches to the faithful satellites of the 'Father.'

This picture, however, is only an episode. Every town that Makhno visited witnessed the same mad orgy.

But it was in massacring Jews that Makhno distinguished himself most. Here he had nothing whatever to fear. The peasantry nurses an undying hatred for Jews; and the brutal eloquence of Makhno, who, like all other bandits of Ukraina, knew that the Jews yielded the richest harvest of booty, added to that hatred. Father Makhno's pogroms will remain the most frightful pages in the bloody history of Ukraina. Entire villages were wiped out. Every living creature in them was killed. Babies were hurled against walls, old people crucified, women thrown under the feet of cavalry horses. Men were made to dig their own graves, and then forced to kill each other. It is impossible to describe all the varieties of crime and carnage these people invented when they were maddened by drink and hatred, and when their primitive minds were possessed with the idea that they were thus 'saving Holy Russia.'

In this fashion Father Makhno swept back and forth across Ukraina. The Bolshevist Government at length destroyed the regular armies of Denikin and Wrangel, but Makhno and his bandits were still at liberty. Protected by the peasants, knowing the country perfectly, they scattered in villages, forests, and ravines as soon as danger appeared; and at a word from the 'Little Father' — a word that circulated among his men with incredible and mysterious speed — the army would rally again.

But the end of his career approached. Choice cavalry detachments were sent against Makhno, experienced Cheka investigators were dispatched to Ukraina, and Makhno's assistants finally betrayed him. He escaped with his life, thanks to the devotion of the peasants, who still remained loyal to him. They helped him to flee to Rumania and even to carry with him part of his booty. But it was not long before he began to suffocate in his peaceful routine of bourgeois retirement. The appeal of plunder, of rough fighting, of orgies in subjugated cities, of short-lived omnipotence, was too strong; and there came a day when the bandit decided to regain 'his own' Ukraina. He almost outwitted the vigilance of Rumanian frontier guards, but was captured and sent to Poland. The Russian Soviet Government is now demanding his extradition, which Poland still refuses. This is the last news of Father Makhno.

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NIRVANA

BY ZINO ZINI

[*This article is a review of the book by A. F. Herold, of which we give bibliographical data elsewhere.*]

From *La Stampa, September 5*
(Turin Giolitti Daily)

This is not the book of an erudite scholar, but neither is it a work of imagination. I should describe it as a lucid and vivid restoration of the ancient Buddha legend by a talented writer who bases his work upon the best Indian texts and the most authoritative and modern critical exegesis of those texts. The reader's interest never flags from the first page to the last; for the author has happily preserved all the ingenuous freshness and the mystical fascination of Prince Siddhartha's marvelous adventure.

When he lays the book down the reader will ask himself: 'What does this tale signify? Is it fiction? Is it allegory? Is it history?' Possibly, a little of each. Certainly it is human truth in the most real and deepest sense — I mean a spiritual experience that is absolutely original, that possesses a unique moral lesson for the world, and that combines the word and the deed in a manifestation of incomparable power and beauty.

Perhaps we should recall to our readers how Siddhartha left Kapilavastu, the luminous city of the Sakhyas, where poverty and darkness were unknown, and fled from the paternal realm of Suddhodana, the most just king, after the discovery of three tragic experiences, old age, illness, and death, opened his eyes to the hard law of universal sorrow, and to that fatal unhappy illusion with which desire of existence beguiles every creature. Thereupon the scales fell from his eyes. The horror of the world was depicted clearly to his vision. Beauty, wealth, strength, wisdom — all the things that men covet and strive for — turned to ashes before his gaze. Even the enchantments of love no longer appealed to the young prince who had forgotten how to smile.

In a scene that recalls Parsifal in Klingsor's Garden, the fair maidens of the palace, dainty and beautiful as flowers, with caressing words and glances try in vain to distract him from his melancholy. 'Of what metal is a man who knows death and yet is beguiled by life?' A cruel and implacable jailor stands waiting at his gate; can he frivolously affect gayety? To be born, to grow old, to suffer, to die! This eternal succession of identical phases of existence is the great wheel to which the destiny of all living creatures is bound.

Thus Siddhartha became fully conscious of the illusion and vanity of existence. Thereupon he made his decision. He would seek a path of liberation. The first step was to renounce the pleasures of the senses, to separate himself voluntarily from the world, which is a prison, the prison of desire. From this all sorrow springs. We cannot bring peace to the world until we extinguish this fierce flame that devours our life. Siddhartha aspired to be that liberator, to extinguish in eternal re-

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pose the wheel of fire that is the world, to liberate all beings from their servitude to illness, old age, and death, to end forever the torturing cycle of rebirth that perpetuates pain and sorrow.

But mere renunciation is not enough. Even before his day the monks had taught and practised mortification of the flesh. They imagined that through sorrow we might attain virtue. Therefore they were happy to suffer, imagining that they would gain paradise through their austerity. That is the purely ascetic point of view, later adopted by most Christians in the Middle Ages. But Buddha did not stop there. He realized that we must rise above the petty egoism of this purely calculating and utilitarian creed. If self-mortification is righteous, then pleasure is unrighteous. But self-mortification is practised merely to attain pleasure beyond this life. Therefore the fruit and pay of righteousness is unrighteousness.

Thus reasoned the sage. Therefore the human race would continue to suffer old age and death, even though a few ascetics lived in abstinence. He who leads an austere life, but does not liberate himself from the recurring evil of birth and death, merely adds new suffering to his old suffering. Men tremble before death, but still strive with all their strength to be born again, thus sinking constantly deeper into the very abyss they dread. The root of the evil must be sought, and that is life itself.

Thus did Siddhartha, sitting at the foot of the tree of wisdom, begin that profound meditation that was to lead him to the discovery of the Law. Nothing could distract him from his thoughts. In vain did Mara, the Evil One, marshal all his infernal army to assault the meditating sage. During his first watch the hero-prince attained to a knowledge of all that had occurred during previous existences; during the second watch he learned the present condition of all living creatures; in the third watch he at last arrived at a comprehension of causes and effects.

His purified vision followed the infinite chain of being that is incessantly reborn. 'How hopelessly unhappy is this world that is born, grows old, and dies, but to be born, grow old, and die again! Is there then no way of liberating it from servitude to life?'

In the solitude of his own being his mind ascended the long line of causes. Birth but leads to old age and death. We are born of the desire to exist. The desire to exist comprehends desire in general, which in turn springs from sensation. And sensation presumes contact with things, a contact rendered possible by the senses. The senses exist because objects have names and forms; but names and forms exist only by virtue of what we call knowledge or cognition, and there can be no knowledge without impression or appearance, which in turn is an illusion begotten of our ignorance. Here at length we find ourselves at the origin of death, of old age, of sorrow, of despair. By overcoming ignorance we overcome all the effects that flow from it.

Summarizing the fruit of his meditations, the sage arrived at this truth: all existence is sorrow; desire impels beings to be born over and over again, from sorrow to sorrow. By destroying desire we shall prevent rebirth and abolish sorrow. Through a pure life we may destroy desire and free ourselves from the yoke of birth and sorrow.

When dawn came, the best of men was already a Buddha and his spirit had reached Nirvana. The earth trembled twelve times. The world seemed all abloom like a great flower, and the gods chanted: 'He who shall enlighten the world has appeared! He has appeared who shall redeem the world! The eye of the world, closed so

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long, is at length open and is dazzled with the light. O Conqueror, thou hast at length vanquished desire. Guided by the Law, living beings will at length attain salvation. Thou who hast received the light, go forth and dissipate the darkness.'

So at length the Buddha was liberated. He knew the Law and, moved by a spirit of charity, he fared forth to preach his evangel of the annihilation of desire to all men, in order that they might be redeemed, albeit he knew that they would prefer to linger in the whirlpool of phenomenal existence. To the first disciple who attached himself to him, the Buddha announced the truth he had discovered: 'Every form, every aspect, every moment of life is sorrow. If you are united with those whom you do not love, that is sorrow. If you are separated from those whom you love, that is sorrow. To be attached to the body, to sensations, to form, to knowledge, that is sorrow. Desire for life scourges men forward from rebirth to rebirth. Pleasure and self-seeking are its companions. Self-seeking cannot be satisfied except through power. Thirst for power, thirst for pleasure, thirst for existence are the sources of sorrow and suffering. We must extinguish that thirst by annihilating desire. Banish desire, renounce desire, forget that there is such a thing as desire.'

The teaching of the Master was like a garden, where one may cull many flowers of poetry and truth. He taught the virtue of sacrifice, the joy of making an offering of ourselves, body and soul, for the welfare of others. He taught that malice and cunning cannot permanently triumph; victory begets hatred, and defeat begets sorrow, therefore the wise man renounces both; injustice begets injustice, anger begets anger; every crime is retaliated by another crime; every victor is defeated by another victor.

Men have tried to prove the similarity of Buddha and Christ and the identity of their teaching; but, except for certain obvious external and formal likenesses, a deeper study shows that these two conceptions of life, the products of such different physical and historical environments, are directly opposed to each other. The very statement of the fundamental problem is absolutely diverse. Buddhism is a philosophy rather than a religion. It is the theory and practice of supreme wisdom, directed to the redemption of the entire world — superhuman, human, and subhuman — from its servitude to pain and sorrow. It preaches total negation of the values of life and is diametrically opposed to the Christian conception of the end of existence as the fullest possible life.

Buddhism is a spiritual flower that could only spring from the soil of India, — of that vast land whose mountains touch the very heavens, whose endless rivers are the blue arteries of the world, whose impenetrable forests are thronged with myriad forms of life, where elephants force their lumbering way between trees that have seen the dawns of many centuries, — from the soil of this land where material realities and the vastness of the physical universe weigh like an incubus on man; this land of ancient civilizations, where the human drama has become fixed and ossified in traditional historical moulds; where a few despots rule innumerable multitudes of slaves; where the servitude of castes has been uninterrupted for countless generations, without an innovation, without a political or social revolution, without the slightest break in the monotony of a human history that seems to parallel the implacable uniformity of nature. But behold! in defiance of this reality of granite and of steel, of this bronze chain of nature and of custom, the boldest of dreams, the

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loftiest and freest flight of the spirit, the most violent reaction, the most audacious revolt of ideals, suddenly appears to this hopeless world and wins a complete victory.

This seems to me the true significance of Buddhism in the spiritual history of the Orient. Man was there enchained so that his progress had become impossible, enchained by nature, whose exuberant strength subordinated him completely to herself, enchained by social institutions, immobilized by centuries of caste lethargy and tradition. There was only one way of escape: to deny the very reality of these impediments, to proclaim the negation of reality itself, of nature, and of historical institutions. But how was this to be accomplished? A man appeared who breathed his annihilating spirit abroad over the world of nature and of history, declaring all its phenomenal forms illusion, and causing them to dissipate like morning mists.

Buddhism was therefore, in a sense, a great revolution in which the ascetic spirit, substituting itself for hitherto accepted canons of life, attacked all existing privileges, denied the value of riches, wisdom, and power, and proclaimed the vanity of all striving for worldly success. The circle that imprisons us in our individual forms and prevents our reunion with the universal being must be broken. Birth, life, and death are all the fruits of desire and the source of all our suffering. How can we liberate ourselves from their torment? By destroying desire; by subjugating the will to be. That is the supreme wisdom, the end of knowledge, the path to felicity, the gate to Nirvana. Liberation from the will to be, from desire, from passion — thus we attain repose and perfect bliss.

This simple statement is enough to show the contrast between Buddhism and Christianity. The Christian theory is that the sinner is redeemed by attaining that true life of the spirit in which happiness consists. There is set before man a mystery, — the highest and noblest of mysteries, — a purification and redemption through sorrow, conceived as an instrument of salvation. In Buddhism, on the other hand, sorrow is repudiated as an evil inherent in every form of life that cannot be overcome except by suppressing the will to live in every creature. In order to escape suffering, Buddha renounced the world, became a monk, retired into a bamboo forest, founded a community of wise men and ascetics, and with them pursued the path to Nirvana.

The Christian accepts from God the yoke of sorrow in order to expiate his sins. He submits himself to the daily crucifixion of adversity; the Passion of Christ renewed in himself — *imitatio Christi* — becomes his weapon against evil. Buddha was born the son of a king, and in the fullness of his love for mankind he renounced all the highest blessings of this world, thus emphasizing his negation of their reality. He lived a life of monastic renunciation, without dramatic incidents, honored, admired, and loved, and died a very aged man when the will that bound him to life was completely overcome. He entered gloriously into Nirvana, at the very moment that he had predicted.

Christ was born in poverty and was persecuted from his birth. He too is a king; but his kingdom is not of this world: He was born in a manger and died on the cross. Princes did not receive Him in their court, but the humble and despised sheltered Him in their hovels.

The drama of his life is an absolute contrast with that of Buddha. To tell the truth, there is no drama in Buddha's life. It is not a life of supreme passion but of meditation. It was through meditation that he discovered

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supreme truth. In Christ the inspiring force is love. In Buddha the guiding principle is wisdom. Christianity is a religion, Buddhism a system of moral metaphysics.

This contrast does not detract from the beauty and the originality of either. This is the more true because, though the point of departure of the asceticism of the Orient and of the Occident may be different, they arrive at very similar destinations. Their premises and their methods of discipline are in many respects identical. However, the Buddhist monks, in their cold observance of the rules of their order, knew little of that ardor of human love and compassion that illumines the sacred mysticism of their Christian brothers.

WILD FLOWERS IN GREENLAND

BY A. C. SEWARD

[*Dr. Seward, who holds the chair of botany at Cambridge University, is Master of Downing College and a Fellow of the Royal Society. He is one of the leading figures in English botany and has published many scientific papers, some of the most important of which deal with fossil plants and problems of distribution. He collaborated with Major Francis Darwin in editing* More Letters of Charles Darwin.]

From *Discovery, September*
(British Scientific Monthly)

A visit to Greenland in the summer affords a very incomplete idea of a country which is usually associated in one's mind with its winter aspect when, except in the more southern districts, the kayak is replaced by the sledge and all communication with the outer world is suspended. The Greenlander's kayak, a long, narrow, canoe-like boat, was aptly described by the late Sir Clements Markham as 'the most perfect application of art and ingenuity to the pursuit of necessaries of life within the Arctic Circle.'

The isolation of Greenland has compensations. A Danish friend who passes the winter there told me that he watches the last ship leave in September with a sense of relief; it means at least six months of peace and quiet. A few brief descriptions of typical scenes may serve to dispel the popular fallacy that even in the summer this arctic land offers few attractions as a place of residence. John Davis in the latter part of the sixteenth century described Greenland as a land of desolation, and added: 'The irksome noise of the ice and the loathsome view of the shore bred strange conceits among us.' Shelley's lines,

> From the most gloomy glens
> Of Greenland's sunless clime,

though applicable to certain localities in the winter, do scant justice to Greenland in summer.

The abundance of flowers makes an unexpected impression upon a visitor inbued with the idea of a country practically buried under a mass of ice of

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unknown depth, and of a long winter when the sea is frozen and even the coastal regions are covered with snow. One effect of arctic conditions is to limit the production of foliage shoots and often to induce an abnormal development of subterranean stems and roots and a prolific crop of flowers.

The amount of energy expended in the production of roots becomes apparent if an attempt is made to dig up intact a fairly large prostrate willow. The rocky ground is generally covered with a thin layer of soil, and roots are unable to grow far in a vertical direction. In some places permanently frozen ground is met with at about two feet below the surface, while in other situations there may be at least two yards of unfrozen earth or sand in the summer. The root of one willow we dug up was traced for at least twelve yards, growing horizontally not many inches underground. Size is a misleading criterion of age; the wood of a willow stem barely an inch in diameter may show as many as one hundred attenuated annual rings.

In the districts we visited willows, including the British species, *Salix herbacea* (the smallest tree in the British Isles), and a few other species, with many hybrids, and the dwarf birch are the only trees. The tallest examples growing in sheltered places or against the sides of rocks reach a height of two to three feet; for the most part they lie prone on the ground with no main stem, but spreading and often twisted shoots in which the annual increase in length is very small. In South Greenland, on the other hand, trees are more abundant and much higher; in rare instances they reach a height of about eighteen feet. In addition to willows and birches there are junipers, alders, and the American sorb (*Sorbus americana*).

Landing on a beach where glacial streams have built up a fan-shaped delta, sloping seaward in a graceful curve from the mouth of a ravine cut by successive spring floods through the rocks of the raised plateau, one finds stretches of muddy flats and boggy ground covered with the waving white plumes of the cotton grass and many other familiar plants; on the drier ground are bright reddish-purple patches of a handsome willow-herb closely allied to our common British species, and clumps of bright poppies and darker and more brilliant dandelions. In both wet and dry situations the bright-green feathery stems of the common horsetail flourish in quantity.

The hillsides are often clothed with a thick carpet of heath-forming vegetation mixed with stunted willows; the leaves of some of the willows are covered with a silvery down forming an attractive background to the dark-red catkins. Trailing branches of the dwarf birch, parti-colored tangles of lichens, mosses in different shades of green, and creeping or erect club mosses are characteristic features.

Among the common heath-plants are the bilberry, which in the latter part of the summer provides an abundance of fruits dusted with a blue-gray bloom, the crowberry, a rhododendron resembling the alpine rose, a species of Ledum, — sometimes called Labrador tea, — a plant of American origin with dense and fragrant clusters of starlike flowers, Phyllodoce, characteristic of high northern latitudes, and found also in the Pyrenees but not on the Swiss Alps, with its purple bells recalling those of our heaths, and an abundance of the beautiful white flowers of Diapensia, a genus with a wide distribution from Spitzbergen through Grinnell Land to eastern Canada and the United States and Japan, two species of a widely spread American and Siberian genus, Cassiope, the commonest of which, *Cassiope tetragonia*, has small crowded

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leaves like green overlapping scales grasping the slender stems in four regular geometrical rows with here and there a white bell pendulous on a delicate stalk.

One of the most abundant and attractive plants is *Pyrola grandiflora*, a species unknown in Britain but represented in our flora by its near relative the wintergreen; from a rosette of glossy dark-brown leaves the flowering shoot stands erect, bearing a series of wide-open flowers with pinkish-white petals. The yellow and pale-pink flowers of Pedicularis (the genus which includes the lousewort), crowded on stout stems with rich-brown leaves, add to the variety of color. A species of Dryas, *Dryas integrifolia*, very similar to the British alpine species, *Dryas octopetala*, is exceedingly common.

The pure-white flowers and slender gray-green stems of the alpine Cerastium (the alpine mouse-eared chickweed), the viviparous Polygonum, its tall spikes with terminal flowers overtopping most of its neighbors, groups of blue harebells, and on the sandy beaches the darker sky-blue flowers of Mertensia, several different kinds of saxifrage, species with shining white flowers on long stalks and the more compact cushions of *Saxifraga oppositifolia*, with a rich display of purple-blue flowers, species of Ranunculus and Potentilla and an attractive little Draba allied to the white vernal whitlow grass with yellow and white flowers, clumps of yellow dandelions and arnicas — these with many other less showy plants, in which brown is the dominant shade, all have a share in the general scheme of color.

Many of the Greenland flowers are familiar British or European species; others come from the New World; botanically as well as geologically Greenland has many features in common with both the Eastern and the Western Hemisphere. It is a noteworthy fact that among the flowering plants recorded from the country as a whole, about four hundred, only one or two are peculiar to Greenland. On rocky slopes, often tucked away in crevices, the cushions of the moss campion (*Silene acaulis*), anchored by a strong tap-root like an elongated rat's tail burrowing far into the covering of earth, represent a well-known architectural type in alpine and arctic countries.

In the neighborhood of Godhavn, especially in the exceptionally favorable locality known as Englishman's Harbor,— so called because an English captain mistook it for the main harbor and wrecked his ship there,— the abundance of southern types is a striking feature. The sheltered bay faces south, and has the added advantage given by the warm springs, reminiscent of the days of volcanic activity in this part of Greenland, which issue along the irregular boundary between the old granitic foundation rocks and the much more modern superstructure of basalt and beds of ash.

Here can be seen in profusion, in company with a host of other plants, yard-high stems of Archangelica, clasped by the large and handsome leaves and bearing candelabra-like umbels of small yellow-green flowers — a plant familiar to us from its use as a sweetmeat and highly prized by the Eskimo as an article of food; also the large and almost circular bright-green leaves, four inches or more in breadth, and inconspicuous flowers of a northern species closely related to our lady's-mantle; the tall flowering spikes of the *Orchis habenaria*, akin to the frog orchis of Britain; also smaller plants of the twayblade orchis, and the delicate mauve tasseled flowers of an alpine meadow rue.

The butterwort (*Pinguicula*) was

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found in full bloom in the boggy ground. A few ferns mix their graceful fronds with the foliage of the flowering plants, and other, generally smaller ferns, pass their life hanging on the vertical faces or in the fissures of rocks. The occurrence at Englishman's Harbor and at other localities on Disko Island of plants characteristic of the more southern parts of Greenland is consistent with an Eskimo legend, according to which Disko Island once lay much farther south. In its original home the island was a hindrance to navigation, and an Eskimo sorcerer towed it behind his kayak to its present situation.

Despite the shortness of the season and the hard conditions inseparable from an arctic climate, the vegetation competes successfully in the show it makes with that of warmer countries, and is in some respects superior. How, it may be asked, does the vegetation of Greenland compare with that of the tropics? Sunlight, air, and water are everywhere the driving forces of the living plant. In arctic lands cold and dry winds and winter snow set limits to the upward growth of shoots and compel them to hug the ground and to exercise a strict economy in the production of vertical stems. A large proportion of the energy available is expended upon the formation of reproductive organs. Tropical conditions induce length of stem and leaves on a lavish scale, the formation of dense jungles in which the competing trees make every effort to obtain a place in the sun. By comparison with the variegated carpet of flowers that brightens an arctic landscape, the ground in a tropical forest is intensely gloomy; the flowering shoots of climbers are festooned over the branches of crowded trees often blossoming far above the reach of man or even beyond his vision, while the smaller plants pass their life attached to the sunlit boughs of supporting trees in the topmost region of the jungle.

Arctic conditions demand a concentration of effort, and the result is a 'rush of flowers' when once the winter is passed. Timely preparation is made during the growing season which ensures a prompt response to the first call of spring; buds are ready by the end of summer; in the winter they find shelter under the snow or below a covering of dead leaves. It is an interesting fact that annuals are very rare in Greenland, only four or five flowering plants complete their life-cycle in one season. In the Swiss Alps the percentage of annuals falls as higher altitudes are reached.

While it is true that many of the Greenland plants exhibit a characteristic and peculiar habit of growth and certain external characters and structural features in their foliage and stems that are usually considered to be adaptations to rigorous climatic conditions, others are in no visible respect different from plants that flourish in a warmer and much more favorable environment. The power to endure hardship probably resides in some quality of constitution, something that is fundamental in the composition of their 'physical basis of life,' the living protoplasm.

The high northern distribution and the abundance of flowering plants in the arctic regions are in striking contrast to their absence in corresponding latitudes in the Southern Hemisphere. The North Pole is surrounded by the Polar Sea, bounded by a ring of circumpolar lands; the South Pole is situated on a vast continent separated from the nearest land-masses by the turbulent Southern Ocean, with scattered archipelagoes and solitary islands, some of which are of comparatively recent origin, while others may be vestiges of submerged connecting bridges.

Not a single flowering plant has been

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discovered within the Antarctic Circle. The most southerly representative of the flowering plants, over four hundred of which occur in Greenland, is a grass (*Deschampia antarctica*) which was found in the subantarctic region, and reaches its southern limit at latitude 62° S., a position corresponding to that of the Faroe Islands and the south of Finland in the Northern Hemisphere.

The fringe of Greenland where the snow and ice, like winter clothes, are discarded as soon as the freezing-point is passed, becomes in the more favored situations a paradise of flowers not equal in brilliance to alpine meadows at their best, but characterized by a harmony of color in keeping with the sombre grandeur of the setting. The barrenness of wind-swept slopes that on the melting of the snow are scarred by destroying streams, leaving in their track patches of withered shoots pressed against the ground and dead disheveled willows anchored by bared roots, like cables dragged taut by the strain of rushing water, intensifies that impression of sharp contrasts that a Greenland landscape produces.

Charles Lamb's contemptuous description of seashore vegetation in the 'Old Margate Hoy' essay is applicable to some parts of an arctic land: 'I hate those scrubbed shoots, thrusting out their starved foliage from between the horrid fissures of dusty innutritious rocks, which the amateur calls verdure, to the edge of the sea.'

But in the scrubbed shoots of the willows and the dwarf birch, with their profusion of catkins doomed by the force of circumstances to lead a prostrate life on bare rock, on the faces of cliffs, or creeping among a miniature undergrowth of moss, lichen, and other plants, there is a beauty that arrests attention; and in the late summer, when the green leaves have turned to light orange or brilliant red, and the willow catkins are covered with open capsules releasing the white fluffy seeds, the ground becomes a mosaic of color that it would be difficult to match in many more favored lands.

The influence of lichens as factors concerned with color production in nature is well illustrated in many parts of Greenland. At the small Settlement of Niakornat the huts of the natives are built close to the beach or perched on ledges on the higher ground. Seen from a distance, the massive and partially rounded though rugged boulders and hills of volcanic breccia — a rock composed of angular pieces of a fine-grained and in part glassy lava embedded in a matrix of volcanic ash — produce a particularly gloomy impression by the contrast of their dark shoulders to the lighter hills near them; but on a nearer view the dark surfaces are seen to be almost covered with splashes of a vermilion lichen.

It is not improbable that in the menacing headlands that guard the harbor of Niakornat and partially encircle the Settlement we have the relics of a vast accumulated mass of ash and splintered rocks ejected from some old volcano in the immediate neighborhood. The peculiar construction of lichens renders them less dependent than other plants upon the nature of the substratum on which they grow. As films of dull black they dapple the gray surfaces of granitic rocks while other species produce a harmony of orange, yellow, and gray. On stony ground among bosses of protruding rock, and mixed with prostrate or tufted shrubs of the heath vegetation, large cushions of gray lichens that when dry crumble to the touch, the flat deeply lobed surfaces of a bright-yellow species, and the clumps of erect branches of stouter forms sometimes tipped with small scarlet balls, give light and brightness to the duller background.

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The vegetation of Greenland is intensely interesting to the botanist, not only because of the richness of the flora, but from the point of view of its past history, the relation of the vegetation of to-day to that which preceded the Glacial period, and the routes by which the pioneers of the present plant population arrived. There is a certain emotional influence produced by the heath-covered hillsides and swampy lowlands, by the scattered colonies of more brilliant flowers on the drier rock-strewn regions of this treeless land, for the perception of which no knowledge of natural science is needed; and even the layman's sense of wonder is stirred when he considers what this display signifies as a triumph of the forces of life over adverse physical conditions.

TRAGEDY AND MR. GALSWORTHY

BY G. BASEDEN BUTT

From *To-Day, September*
(LITERARY QUARTERLY)

THERE are two kinds of tragedy — Grand Tragedy and Tragedy. In the former, powerful characters, undaunted, are overwhelmed by forces more powerful, if less intelligent, than themselves. In the latter, weak and pitiable people are wronged, persecuted, robbed, or through other misfortune 'go under' in the struggle of life. Grand Tragedies are rare. Mr. Galsworthy's plays, with the exception perhaps of *Strife*, are only Tragedies.

But Mr. Galsworthy's circle of admirers is deservedly increasing. The waxing moon of his popularity as a dramatist reflects the brilliance of his work. To place him with the eye of the imagination in his place among the great tragic writers is a task of fascinating interest. No one would deny that he is in the true succession; he has the right to stand beside Mr. Thomas Hardy.

From the earliest times tragedy has been a method of warning; this loftiest of the arts is simply a means of treating men and women as though they were children. As a mother will say to her child, 'Johnny, if you touch that jam I shall give you to a policeman,' or 'Elsie, if you play with them scissors I 'll lock you in the cellar,' so the writer of tragedy threatens us with dire punishments if we disobey what he believes to be the law of right. He consigns us to the prison-house of Fate, or to the darkness of Eternal Night. 'This is the Doom,' says he, 'to which you will surely fall victim, for the wage of sin is death.' Thus, by revealing the full misery of the alternative, Euripides preaches peace in *The Trojan Women*, and Mr. St. John Ervine, broadmindedness and tolerance in *Mixed Marriage*. It is for a reason of this nature that Mr. Galsworthy brings into the climax of his drama the policeman, the magistrate, or the prison warder.

The strength of the tragedian's warnings and their power to arrest are not lessened by the fact that, in the tragic tales, the innocent frequently

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suffer for the guilty. With true instinct the dramatist realizes that men are callous about sufferings self-inflicted through wrongdoing. 'Serve him right!' is not unreasonably the cry. And we ourselves know, and always knew, that there is sometimes a price to pay for self-realization.

But the heart is touched when the innocent suffer and the righteous are condemned. That is why we have the *Antigone*, the *Hippolytus*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Jude the Obscure*, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and innumerable other stories and plays. That is why, over and over again, Mr. Galsworthy ruthlessly severs the threads of life and love with the shears of law and authority which those who do. not love keep sharpened for protection of their possessions. In tragedy the decrees of the powerful and the plots of those who live in enmity continually thwart and damn the gentle and the good.

Tragedy is a form of criticism. The very fact that a poet or dramatist should regard the intellect that contrives a murder or an injustice, or that gives way to pride, as a fit theme for tragedy is in itself a condemnation of these states of mind.

There has been a tendency in modern times, and noticeably in the earlier Galsworthy plays, such as *Justice*, *Strife*, and *The Silver Box*, to use tragedy not only for criticism of human character and desire, but also for criticism of social conditions. The wasteful inhumanity of the penal system, the futility of class war, and the inequality in legal treatment between rich and poor are the subjects of these earlier tragedies. But while Mr. Galsworthy's outlook upon life has not noticeably altered with the years, it has, perhaps, darkened; and his insight has certainly deepened. In the later plays he has shown a preference for the more profound themes beloved of the older writers. He writes now of such ideas as the instinct to preserve one's skin at the expense of others, or the tragedy of false standards of loyalty — personal matters most profound.

As an ideal tragedy should interweave humor with the darker strands of life, so also it must include both destructive and constructive criticism. Especially in his earlier plays, Mr. Galsworthy carries destructive criticism to excess. He shows us what is wrong with society and what is wrong with man. Even his benevolent 'pigeon' is revoltingly weak; we loathe him and are sickened every time he puts his hand into his pocket, for his tips benefit no one. Often Mr. Galsworthy paints such desolation that the heart cries out for a glimpse of uprightness and strength — for cooling streams and fresh air in the moral realm. The philosophy underlying or implied by his plays appears to be that nonexistence is better than life — the truth, perhaps, for some people, although to hold that view as a philosophy renders nothing logical short of suicide.

Mr. Galsworthy has missed something. He has missed, or undervalued, the love that suffers long and is kind; or if he shows us that love at all, it is never combined with strength of character — it is always being crushed and ground to death beneath the chariot-wheels of the mighty. He appears to forget that although to hope and bear, to love and remain faithful until death, may be sources of more sorrow than joy, they are at least admirable qualities and frequently to be found in human nature. How much more might be said for the love that descends from its lofty place, emptying and abasing itself for the sake of the person loved!

By carrying his negative criticism to the extreme limit, Mr. Galsworthy does cause a reaction in his audience toward those things that are pure and lovely

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and of good repute. Yet one still feels the need for a more positive embodiment. One longs to see portrayed in a modern tragedy the type of soul who carries healing in his wings. At the end of *Loyalties*, Lady Adela Winser cries, 'We have kept the faith, but it 's not enough!' That is truth. There is another step to be taken.

Mr. Galsworthy is great indeed — great as an artist and great as an interpreter of human nature. But the next tragic writer, if he is to surpass his great forerunner, will draw strong characters as well as weak; he will describe goodness as well as wickedness. Yet the characters who are good shall not be prigs. Seraphic solos will be sung in the treble, above the growl and rumble and terrible ground-swell of the bass. This great artist for whom we are waiting will paint for us a more vivid picture of that holy spirit which, whenever it may come, shall inspire our souls.

In loftiest tragedy, as we have said, man's spirit is unconquered by the disaster that overwhelms his outward life: thus Hamlet or Antigone, Giles Winterbourne or Œdipus. Victorious resurrection of goodness of character as an influence in the lives of others is hinted of. When the enmity of Capulet and Montague has caused the deaths of Juliet and Romeo, the Prince declares that

> A glooming peace this morning with it brings.

The minds of the spectators are raised from the contemplation of things evil to thoughts of tranquillity and affection. The deus ex machina of the ancient Greeks is frequently a means to this end. Thus does Castor proclaim the graces of forgiveness at the close of the *Electra* of Euripides. In some such manner the pipes of peace should always be sounded after the battle. Real tragedy is the transmutation of defeat into victory. It calls for the strong, unyielding spirit, walking unafraid through Hell itself. We save and glorify our souls by losing them; we glorify disaster by converting it into tragedy.

Euripides has words not void of message to the gloom and despair of us moderns, whose tragedy has lost the power to exhilarate: —

> There be many shapes of mystery.
> And many things God makes to be,
> Past hope or fear.
> And the end men looked for cometh not,
> And a way is there where no man thought.
> So hath it fallen here.

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EXCAVATIONS IN THE HOLY LAND

BY A PALESTINE CORRESPONDENT

From the *Times, September* 27 and 28
(NORTHCLIFFE PRESS)

AMONG the obligations which Great Britain has incurred in accepting the Mandate for Palestine is that of setting up a departmental machinery for safeguarding the historic monuments of the country, and for the encouragement of archæological research. This right and proper condition must be gratifying to all those interested in the history of the Holy Land — and who that reads these lines is not? — and it may be taken for granted that the 'nationals of other Powers, members of the League of Nations,' will be watchful both of the status of equality which the Mandate secures to them and of all that the British Administration does or may neglect in the fulfillment of its trust.

It will, then, be pleasant to recall that before the Mandate was ratified Sir Herbert Samuel had already taken certain steps to protect the antiquities of the country and to ensure the rights of other Powers. Within a few days of taking up office in 1920, he called on the staff of the British School of Archæology in Palestine to organize a Department of Antiquities and a national museum; and shortly afterward he approved the constitution of an Archæological Advisory Board on which the archæological societies of foreign Powers and the interested communities are represented. The functions of the Board, like those of the Department, are nonpolitical: it advises the Director on all technical issues and in cases where conflicting interests might arise.

A provisional Law of Antiquities for Palestine was promulgated, and has served its purpose well. It will now be modified in accordance with experience gained and the terms of the Mandate, and in conformity with expert opinion, both British and French. As the French Administration of Antiquities in Syria must work on parallel lines, a special effort has been made to bring the codes into agreement where differences might have appeared; and it is a happy augury to be able to state that, as a result of a series of conferences, all outstanding differences on matters of principle as between British and French experts and the Palestine Administration have been removed.

A great international project, which I am able to announce for the first time, is about to be undertaken. This is nothing less than the complete excavation of the ancient City of David on Mount Ophel, which lies to the immediate south of the existing walls of Jerusalem. The proposal emanates from the Palestine Administration, which has issued invitations to all the countries and communities represented in Palestine, through the consuls and archæological representatives, to participate in the work. As the invitation states, 'it is considered that a work of such importance, on a site whose memories are sacred to many nations, should not be entrusted to the resources, however ample, or to the labors, however devoted, of a single scientific institution or nation. It is a work in which all should share, and we are already aware that many are anxious to take their part.'

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For a long time the true location of the City of David was disputed: three different expeditions have made separate efforts to probe the secrets of the Hill — the first, under Dr. Bliss, in 1896; the second, in 1909, by Captain Parker, whose results were interpreted by Père Vincent; the third and most important by M. Weill, in 1913–14. The results leave no further doubt on the main question; but large areas of the site still remain to be explored, including practically the whole of the original stronghold of Jebus, the palace and 'Millo' of David, and, in all probability, the tombs of the Kings of Judah.

No one can fail to be moved by the prospect of memorable discoveries; and happily the opportunity is now open to the world of scholars. From the Pool of Siloam, which marks the southern apex of the site, upward toward the southern wall of the city, an area of about ten acres has been reserved by the Administration, embracing the whole of the historic site and sufficient ground for spoil heaps. In the proposed methodical excavation, subject to such special regulations as the situation may call for, each society will receive its separate concession, and will be master of its own investigations.

The function of the Administration, and the International Board, will be limited to facilitating the task by arranging terms with the owners of the soil, coördinating the common effort, and safeguarding the remains. Should the discoveries justify such a course, it is proposed that the ancient city and all that may be found in it shall be laid bare, and be preserved as an historical feature of Jerusalem.

There is another field of archæological research which, though not regarded administratively as part of Palestine proper is, none the less, intimately associated with the ancient history of the Holy Land — namely, the great tract lying east of the Jordan, known in official language as Trans-Jordania. In this land, which, it is hoped, the present Administration will develop and render more accessible to visitors, the sites of antiquity are less known, though from the point of view of pure archæology they are hardly less important than those of Palestine. Some of the existing remains, particularly those of Roman date, are, indeed, of incomparable grandeur.

The cities of the Decapolis are familiar to many from records of travelers, but the Administration would call particular attention to the unique opportunity which now offers itself at Jerash, the ancient Gerasa. Here the hand of time has dealt lightly, and wonderful monuments of the Roman city remain, some standing, others fallen as the result of earthquake shock and lying where they fell.

The modern neighboring village, happily placed by the Turks on the opposite side of the valley, has already supplied its chief wants as regards building stone from that side, leaving the remains of the classical buildings practically intact. These include two first-century temples, beautiful in design and execution; two theatres, in one of which the proscenium is well preserved; a triumphal arch, stadium, colonnaded forum, and long colonnaded streets with decorated crossroads; the ruins of another building, probably the senate house; a basilica and several churches, without referring to the smaller monuments.

Altogether, this is one of the most imposing cities of the Roman Age. Numerous altars and inscriptions lie amid the ruins. A life's work lies before whoever will undertake the investigation of this classical site and the restoration of its monuments. The ideal organization would include an engineer

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with full equipment for moving blocks of stone and sculptures, many of which can be replaced, an architect trained in classical architecture, and an archæologist, trained in field-work, who would supervise excavation and in general direct the operations. The reward of the generous benefactor who will patronize this undertaking will be great indeed.

During the two years that have elapsed since the Department of Antiquities was founded at the instance of the High Commissioner, 7223 objects have been catalogued, of which a selection has been displayed, with due regard to date and provenance, and the Palestine Museum in Jerusalem is now open daily to the public. The present accommodation is not altogether suitable, nor is it convenient for visitors; but the beginning has been made.

The total value of antiquities exported under license during this period amounts to only a few hundred pounds. As the national collection becomes more complete, the proportion of antiquities released for export to foreign museums will automatically increase. In the province of the inspectors, 1467 historical sites and monuments have been formally registered, and measures have been taken to protect them, with the collaboration of the police and gendarmerie.

Illicit digging for building stone is the common danger. Special sites, like Ascalon, Cæsarea, and Samaria, where antiquities lie uncovered, have been placed under local guardians. Local museums are being established, as opportunity and funds permit, at these and other chief centres of interest. Meanwhile thirteen permits to make archæological excavations or soundings have been issued. Eight of these have been acted upon, and though work continued throughout the summer only at Beisan, considerable activity is foreseen for the coming autumn.

The outstanding excavations have been those of the Palestine Exploration Fund at Ascalon (1920–21), now unhappily suspended through lack of funds, to the great detriment of British prestige; and those of the University of Pennsylvania at Beisan. At Ascalon, as is well known, two seasons' work disclosed the ruins of the Bouleuterion, the meeting-place of the local senate or city council, with its sumptuous colonnaded approach, attributed to Herod the Great, its statuary and sculptures — the indications, in fact, of a classical building without parallel, thus far, in Palestine. Other cuttings worked down to the Philistine and pre-Philistine levels, adding to our information as to the arts of the Philistines, and as to the Mediterranean relations of their predecessors, and furnishing new clues for the guidance of future excavators.

Ascalon is one of the most famous of historic sites; it claims a continuous record of more than three thousand eventful years, the witness of which lies buried in its soil. Will not some British benefactor come forward to help the Palestine Exploration Fund to achieve this costly, but worthy, enterprise?

Beisan (the Biblical Beth-shean) dominates the junction of the valley of Jezreel with that of the Jordan; and it has been aptly described as the 'key to Palestine,' commanding as it does the main trade-route of antiquity between Egypt and Damascus. Here, untrammeled by financial difficulties, properly equipped, and under the expert direction of Dr. Fisher, the work of excavation goes forward with method and precision, bringing to light, in layer after layer, the remains of the successive ages.

Each layer is faithfully recorded in all details before it is removed, as needs must be, in order to work down to that which lies below. Already the Arab, Mediæval, and Byzantine strata have

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given place to the vaster traces of the Roman occupation now coming to view. Meanwhile, in other parts of the site, cuttings and tombs have furnished striking evidence of earlier periods, including that of Mediterranean contact, and of a special Ægean influence, such as cannot fail to interest profoundly archæologists and students of history.

The most important single 'find' is a monumental inscription ascribed to Rameses II (about 1270 B.C.), which seems likely to throw light upon the campaigns of the Egyptian monarch and on the state and disposition of the various groups of the population of Palestine at the time. At any rate, its presence in Palestine tends to support the claims of that Pharaoh to have led the Egyptian arms in Syria, and to have reasserted the claim to empire there which his illustrious predecessors had established.

As a result of these excavations, in accordance with the Law, the Palestine Museum becomes enriched with new and interesting specimens, while at the same time the excavating museum stands possessed of the greater part of the objects discovered. The policy of the Department is to encourage scientific excavation, and in the division of the objects discovered, under the provisions of the Law, to act as generously as is consistent with the admitted first claim of the young museum of Palestine.

The excavations of the Franciscan Order at Capernaum are temporarily suspended. There, on their own ground, at the head of the Sea of Galilee, the extensive ruins of a fine synagogue in Jewish classical style of the early centuries of our era are being gradually laid bare. The next stage in contemplation will be a partial reconstruction of a portion of the building, which seems to have been thrown down by earthquake and so lends itself to restoration.

The French and American Schools of Archæology have also undertaken pieces of investigation; the latter on a mound near Jerusalem known as Tell el-Ful, the presumed site of Gibeah of Saul; while the former, having completed their work near Jericho, are now turning their attention to the area of an exceptionally fine mosaic pavement recently discovered at Beit Jibrin, in the vicinity of the famous Painted Tombs of Marisa, the Biblical Mareshah. A Danish Committee also has commenced an examination of Tell Seilun, which is generally identified with the historic Shiloh.

These pieces of investigation are so young that their full importance is not yet apparent; but the special interest of these researches is plain to all. It will be realized, also, that the present archæological activities in Palestine are in themselves proof that the spirit of the Mandate, according equal rights to all members of the League of Nations, and the United States, is being carried out; indeed, in comparison with the work of foreign Powers, particularly of America, the total British effort is insignificant.

The British occupation of Palestine to the present time has, in fact, proved of greater usefulness to American explorers than to those of the Mandatory Power. The work at Beisan is only a commencement of American researches in the Holy Land. The famous historical sites of Taanach and Megiddo have been allocated provisionally to two other American universities; while a third university, that of Harvard, has obtained a renewed concession for the site of Samaria, where, previous to the war, they had disclosed imposing Roman ruins of the period of Herod, and earlier remains down to that period in Jewish history when Ahab first established on that site the capital of Israel.

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While British universities have been slow to respond to the great opportunity which now lies open, there is, at any rate, much satisfaction to be derived from the increasing activity on the part of our foreign colleagues. Harmony and enthusiasm prevail, and the friendly rivalry thus established is a healthy and helpful stimulus. The outcome of this prevailing spirit is the initiation of the excavation of the City of David.

SULLA AND HIS DESTINY

BY LÉON DAUDET

[*M. Daudet, editor of* L'Action Française *and a member of the Goncourt Academy, is the ardent and ultraconservative leader of the French Royalist Clericals. Hence the interest of his new historical novel, from which we extract a few episodes. Sulla, champion of Roman reaction, offers the conservative modern author a congenial hero, and the redoubtable Roman dictator has seldom before been presented by so sympathetic a pen. Readers who care to bestow a glance on the space between the lines, will find written there some extremely modern implications.*]

From *La Revue Universelle*
(Political and Literary Fortnightly)

In the midst of the siege of Athens Lucius Cornelius Sulla, the proconsul, — at whose mere name Rome trembled and all the world with her, — had withdrawn from his army and his generals, as was his custom in those grave hours when the wheel of Fortune was about to turn. Unarmed save for a short sword at his belt, garbed in a tunic of white silk, which was gathered at the waist by a girdle of gold and iron stamped with the sign of the she-wolf, his helmet dangling in his hand, he was daydreaming as he strolled along. Twenty paces behind him walked two black guards, two giants lately brought from Numidia, who had belonged to Jugurtha and who stood ready to slay anyone who should dare to approach their general unannounced.

Sulla was a man of medium height, who had remained supple even though he had grown very heavy. He had always eaten and drunk copiously, esteeming equally the pleasures of power and of good cheer, holding them next after the pleasure one may find in love.

In those lofty realms of authority and clear vision to which the soul of Sulla had attained, and which assured his destiny, Rome and his wife — Cecilia Metella, daughter of the Pontifex Maximus — had equal place. One gripped his soul with every stone of her walls and buildings, the other by every fibre of his flesh. He yearned to see them both richly adorned, finding in the possession of each the same joy, the impressions of equal power. When Marius, and later Cinna, and their partisans had seized both his city and his wife, and in his absence had threatened creatures so dear to him, a cold clear ferocity had filled the great reactionary — determined foe of all disorder save that of the voluptuary. He knew

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now what he would do on the day when, freed from enemies without, — Mithridates, Archelaus, and Aristion, — he should stamp out all that remained of his enemies at home and bring peace again to the Eternal City.

Apollo had already begun to draw from his inexhaustible quiver the burning silver arrows of the Grecian noonday — which would have made even the eyes of Diogenes the cynic blink, in his tub — when a messenger rode up, dripping with sweat.

'Does he come from Marathon?' asked the Master, but his jest changed to ardent desire as the man handed him a tablet on which he recognized the swift and delicate handwriting of his wife, Metella, whom he had thought safe in Italy, at the faithful city of Brundusium. At what point of the Grecian coast, in what vessel, had she landed in the midst of this warlike land, overrun by the bands of his enemy Archelaus? He knew her, keen and bold; and this proof of her love was precious to him. The letter, written with tender raillery, ran thus: —

Dear husband and most dread proconsul, I write this to you from Patronis, only a few leagues distant from your banners. I have secured a swift horse and shall be in your arms speedily. I send this word before me in case you need time to dispose of any of those coquettish Athenian ladies. I can imagine how provoked the lady will be and how troubled your black servants. A thousand kisses. Cecilia.

For many months Sulla had been deprived of the unequaled companion whom he owed to Aphrodite's watchful care. Not for her rare and exquisite beauty alone was Metella dear to him, but most of all for her charming nature, her tranquil courage, and the excellence of her judgment. The daughter of a priest famed for his holiness, for his goodness, and the breadth of his knowledge, she had been brought up strictly, without any of those luxurious trinkets to which the daughters of the Roman aristocracy were too much accustomed, concerned only with their jewels, their mirrors, their cosmetics, unable to move without a litter, incapable of dressing without their slaves.

Metella and her little troop of attendants dismounted in a cloud of bluish dust. A sea wind had sprung up and she wore veils of silk embroidered in silver, swathed about her in great knots and folds, so that her lovely face, glowing with the ride and the joy of seeing her husband once again, gave her the mien of a goddess of victory. An accomplished Amazon, she leaped gracefully from the steaming flanks of her steed, without sign of fatigue, and sank at the feet of her lord and master, who raised her with one strong hand and crushed her so close to his heart that she could hear it beating.

When at length he was alone with his beautiful wife, it was Sulla who knelt at her feet and asked for news of all that had occurred at Rome since his departure. With one hand lying lightly on the bristling head of the invincible, Metella began in a playful tone: 'The children are well. I left them with their nurse and my father at Brundusium. For several weeks, ever since we left the city, we have been left in quiet. I've been just like Penelope — without the suitors.'

'I should hope so,' interrupted Sulla, laughing. 'Otherwise the Athenian scum would have been bellowing truth instead of slander from their walls. But you are not false to your plighted word.'

'It is not my custom,' said Metella. 'I have thought of you ever since that sad day when you set out with the army, and left me with our little ones. Thanks to your supporters and the terror of your name, and to our friends, I have escaped the direct threats as well

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as the schemes and slanders of Cinna and Marius's people. The rioters — how you would have laughed! — shook with terror even as they were booing at me and throwing stones in our windows.

'During the last few days of my stay in Rome, everyone was asking about you and how the siege of Athens was getting on. If they had known I was coming to visit your camp, what messages and errands I should have had! But it was my secret and I was close-mouthed.'

'When did you decide to come?'

'About six months ago. After I had seen our goddess in a dream and she had said to me, "Go to Lucius Cornelius and bear him word that Athens soon shall fall. I perceive in the future astounding triumphs, such as Marius never knew." '

There was a silence.

Apollo was ending his course in most awe-inspiring splendor, and a cool wind was blowing over the Long Walls and the Piræus, when the proconsul took his wife by her bare round arms and drew her, unresisting, with him to the door of the tent. Before them spread a great level plain.

Through sheets of reddish gold, edged with deep green, like a gigantic stairway leading from Apollo's orb, the blue sea stretched away. The fleet of Archelaus was sleeping off the Piræus, but between the port and the city of Athens the tents of the besiegers glowed by hundreds in the sunlight. Nearer the walls rose the siege machinery, like giant insects at whose feet warlike little maggots seemed to swarm. Other machines, ready for use against them, crowned the summit of the walls. Thousands of lives were there, underneath the eternal circling fires of God, lives that would, no doubt, in a few days be trampled out in shrieks and blood, while souls going down in throngs to Hades would crowd together on the bank of the black river, bewailed throughout all Greece and Asia, even in the confines of Italy and in Rome itself. Destiny hung above all that fragile grouping of men and machines, but Sulla alone stood ready to loose it to its work, as a new ship, ready on the ways, is freed of its fastenings by the hand of the maker.

'Soon?' asked Metella, trembling as if with fever.

The proconsul bowed his grave visage. With one outstretched finger he drew the circle within which catastrophe must have sway and which it must not exceed.

After he had passed several days with his wife, under the benevolent protection of his patron Aphrodite, the proconsul knew that the time had come when, brave though she was, she must be spared the fearful sights of the assault upon the city. On the Kalends of March, in the night, when all was still save the distant calls of the sentinels who watched before the city, he wakened her and bade her prepare to go. Relays of horses were prepared, with strong escorts to the very gates of Malea, between the gulfs of Laconia and Argolis, where a five-sailed galley, luxuriously fitted to be worthy of the passenger she was to carry, lay waiting.

A few hours later, as a swift chariot passed through the Roman camp, already bustling with preparations for the assault, Sulla climbed to that same hillock from which, a little while before, he had worshiped Apollo. He saw the thread of dusty road, the escort of alert soldiers, and then, as the wheels carried her farther from him, a blue scarf floating in the wind — the farewell of his beloved. Not a tear did he let find its way from his heart to his eyelids, for he knew that his soldiers watched him.

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Before the order for assault was given — and that great secret had been carefully guarded, as an essential to success — Sulla made his way through all the camp. He inquired good-naturedly after the families and the personal affairs of his men, talked of the cares of some and the hopes of others, and called every man by his name. The infinite adaptability of his nature enabled him to talk with each in terms to which he was accustomed, and yet the men could indulge in no familiarity or disrespect. To a countryman from Subura — and men from Subura are often splendid fighters — he spoke his native dialect; to some honest peasant from Latium, the very accent of his native village. Rising with the dawn, covering miles on foot and on horseback every day, permitting not a single detail to escape him, caring little whether either he or his staff had anything to eat, he accomplished as much as twenty other generals, and all this without once neglecting his oversight of the public affairs at Rome and his political plans, which were of unequaled adroitness and power.

It seemed as if the Senate of Rome, with all its orators and its intrigues, in all their thousands of details, was in his mind at the same time as his preparations for battle, yet without any confusion or interference between the two. He had taken care to bring some senators with him, familiar friends whom he could trust, and it was through their agency that he worked. Whereas too often great captains, accustomed to obey as well as to command, concern themselves little with pure politics — which none the less is a supreme science and an art, obeying immutable laws, yet giving free play to fancy and initiative — Lucius Cornelius Sulla influenced the course of political events by day and night. His boldness and his fearlessness in civil life were equal to his boldness and his fearlessness in war. He knew that what one law directs another law forbids, that what one decree of the Senate accomplishes another may undo; and he knew, too, how few dared stand against the fear of death, of ruin, or of banishment. If sometimes he had to yield, it was all in accord with a plan, in order to secure to-morrow a greater advantage then he could secure to-day. It was never sloth or cowardice.

On the evening before the day selected for the assault Sulla held a council of his chief officers — Brutius Sura, Princeps, Marcus Teius, Murena Curion, and Dolabella. The final plans were made, the hour of the attack was set, the point from which it was to be made, the manner in which it was to be conducted.

The assault was set for midnight, the hour of the first sleep, when the mind is affected by terror in its most dreadful and overpowering form. No quarter was to be shown to either the Athenian soldiers or their leaders, except Aristion and Apellicon of Teos.

Since Apellicon was the owner of the manuscripts of Aristotle which he coveted, the proconsul, not content with decreeing that no harm should come to him, even ordered a guard consisting of a centurion and twenty men to be assigned to the library in order to save it from looting and from fire. There the Roman commander planned to set up his headquarters when the city had been taken, so great was his haste to handle and examine the priceless reliefs that ornamented the library, and the works of the prince of philosophers. Sulla's desires were impetuous and admitted of no delay. There are those who pretend that his eagerness to possess these first editions of Aristotle and to have the papers of the philosopher for his own really induced him to attack. Sulla himself did not deny it. Long afterward he confided to a friend

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that only Metella, when she was still a girl living in her father's house, had lighted in his veins such a fever of the desire for possession — though that was a feeling of quite another nature.

On the evening before the Kalends of March there was a new moon, and though the sky was cloudless the darkness was almost complete. An hour before midnight three thousand soldiers and sappers, forming the 'tortoise,' began to undermine the wall and the weak spot that had been selected between the Gate of the Colors and the Sacred Gate. Soon the wall was in crumbling fragments, leaving the way clear for a chosen cohort, with Teius in person at its head.

At the first Athenian whom he encountered the gallant Roman struck with such violence that his sword crashed through helmet and skull together, and by the very force of his blow he was disarmed, for his blade was not to be freed from the bone and steel. A spearman handed him a pike, with which he pierced a second Greek. The battle raged with terrible ferocity on both sides, for Sulla's reputation was such that the besieged knew they could expect no quarter from the besiegers and were ready to fight to the bitter end.

After the first body of fighting men came a second, commanded by Murena — in ferocity and valor no whit behind the men who had gone before. These men cast firebrands into the houses, and long red tongues of flame were lighting up the streets and alleys as if it were noon instead of night. In this flickering light struggled the flame-touched silhouettes of pursuers and pursued, shouting, imploring pity, as if the city were the funeral pile of a demon. Mingling together, more terrified even than their husbands, the Athenian and Asiatic women — some with a strange, inherited beauty, for they were of the race of the demigods — offered up to the murderers their rounded bosoms, their soft white throats, their graciously curving shoulders, which the rough soldiers slashed and cut without thought of pity. Other women sprang forth like shrews or Amazons, brandishing darts that later experience showed were poisoned, aiming their strokes at face and mouth and eyes of their assailants, cutting horrible wounds from which the blood came bubbling forth.

As each new body of Romans appeared, it pushed farther on into the city, stationing sentinels of its own, and barring passage through the streets. This admirable system, an invention of Sulla's own contriving, thus transformed the sack of a city into a series of smaller lootings. In each of these districts one house was chosen and spared; and here an officer was stationed, whose duty it was to seize the tenth part of the fortune of each notable, under penalty of the most cruel exactions. Gold was preferred, of course, but tribute in kind was permitted, and so rigid was the discipline of Sulla's army that there was no looting after the 'pump,' as the soldiers called it, began its work.

Experience had taught Lucius Cornelius that after a victorious war the largest indemnities and war-taxes ought to be imposed at once, while the minds of the victims are in a suitable mood and their purses opened by fear, and when no subterfuge is possible. By such devices — which his successors adopted after him — Sulla secured the support of the Senate, the ædiles, and the soldiers, leaving the conquered to count their losses for themselves and to devise ways for their own relief if they could. 'It is nothing to me that the enemies of Rome are hungry,' he would say, 'nothing to me whether they crash down into utter ruin and failure, so long as the Romans themselves have plenty to eat.'

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He had no patience with that sophistry which would make out that after a great war all nations are mutually interdependent, with interests more or less the same, nor would he put off to the future any advantages that he could seize at once. If a city — even a Latin city — in revolt against the capital gave him too much trouble, he razed it to the ground, scattered the inhabitants here and there, and found his handiwork good. The reproaches and fine-spun reasoning of cabinet ministers and pretended philosophers, no matter whether they were Epicureans, Skeptics, or Stoics, left him indifferent, even to the point of laughter.

It was only at the hour of midnight, when three quarters of the bloody work was already accomplished, that the invincible Master left his tent and took command of his own legion, preceded by a force of lictors and chosen athletes, blacks and whites, the strongest and most skillful. Ten rows of bugles, trumpets, and drums of ass's skin preceded him, setting up a rhythm so tumultuous that all the valley trembled and no other sound was to be heard.

'It is he! Hear the trumpets! Hear the *buccinæ!*' murmured the terrified citizens of Athens one to another, those who lived in the quarters where least damage had been wrought, as they hurried to the places where payment must be made. As the cortège advanced, you could see crowded ranks of suppliants, with women, children, even slaves, interspersed among them, all carrying their most valued possessions, begging that these be taken from them, that someone accept them, that they might be allowed to give up their treasures. Some, bolder than the others, cried out to the conqueror that they had known and admired him in earlier days at Brundusium or at Rome; that they adored him; that they worshiped him; that this night of woe and terror fulfilled their highest desires.

'They rather exaggerate. They force the note,' sneered Sulla, laughing.

The thought of the manuscripts of the works of Aristotle still occupied his mind, even amid the smoke of burning buildings and the tumult on every hand. Bidding an officer lead him to the dwelling of Apellicon of Teos, he hurried off. It was a magnificent building, situated far back in a garden, with trees set here and there in quincuncial order, and with marble porticoes before it, as became an Epicurean philosopher. Roman soldiers stood on guard, half asleep: they had been on duty since the night before and had not stirred since then, while the fight passed on into the suburbs. Observing some terrified slaves, Lucius Cornelius demanded where their master was; and when they replied that he had died of a stroke during the attack, and was still lying in his library whence they had not dared to move him without funeral honors, the Roman bade them lead him to the body, commending them, too, for not having abandoned the dead Apellicon, even in such time of peril.

He was led up marble stairways, with steps of onyx, jade, and alabaster, to the library where lay the master of the house. The room was an atrium, large as an ordinary house, and from top to bottom, in three galleries, were packed manuscripts from every land and of every kind, with rolling ladders leading up to them. There were Egyptian papyri of the greatest antiquity, dating from the time when people wrote by means of little pictures representing the objects for which they stood — a way of writing that makes it hard for a philosopher to express abstract ideas. There were Assyrian tablets, marked with letters that looked like nails and wedges, set vertically or horizontally in the clay. There were volumes from In-

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dia and the islands near it, enclosing within them the secrets of the priests of those lands where it is an everyday affair to bring back the souls of the dead with their domestic animals as companions. Here and there you could see leaves and the dried bark of trees, marked over with cabalistic signs, the learning of the Moors or the negroes and negroid peoples — learning not to be despised. And there were also little bottles of liquids in various colors (holding colored powders in suspension) which, it was said, were poems gathered up by learned navigators from cities sunk beneath the waves.

The body of Apellicon seemed like a doll or a bearded mummy, charged by some magician with the guardianship of the place; but little attention did Sulla give to it, so intent was he upon the manuscripts of Aristotle. When he was informed where they were kept, he bade slaves bear away the body, — speedily but with due honors, — leaving him alone; and he gave directions that he should not be disturbed on any pretext whatever.

Then, like a lover who hurries to rejoin his mistress, — forgetful of the battle he had won, — the conqueror turned to the ladder that stood before the shelf of Greek books, and began to mount. When he reached the first level, he saw that the collection of Aristotle's books consisted of some thirty big strong volumes, not rolled, but with the leaves of the manuscript laid out flat, like an album, — the result, no doubt, of some special process, — numbered and arranged in order. With extreme care, he lifted them from their lodgings, and carried them one by one to the centre of the room, where a dull light gleamed from the devastation outside. He lighted one of those lamps with a large oil jar supported by a mesh of strands that the peoples of the Mediterranean use in their homes, which had a flint-and-steel hanging beside it. The light was prevented from dispersing through the room by a metal shade which concentrated it in a single spot, glowing and reflecting so that it could not be improved.

The Roman read Greek, and with the manuscript open before him at the first page he made out the title easily enough. It was the *Metaphysica*, the treatise upon the science of sciences which teaches the lore of universal being. But where Sulla had promised himself a banquet, he could go no further than the hors d'œuvre, for the text was illegible, and the page was covered with characters of which he could not say whether they were Greek, Latin, or Hebrew, and which seemed scattered over the page at random. Had the scribe, the author of this abominable script, jested with posterity, like some shipwrecked sailor tossing an incomprehensible message, cased in a bottle, into the sea? Or were two or more levels of writing imposed one upon another, creating a palimpsest in which time and moisture had effaced the characters?

Concentrating his whole mind with all his might upon this single purpose, as if his very existence depended upon what he was doing, the decipherer struggled in vain to bring order out of the chaos, to understand, to comprehend even a short passage or merely a group of the letters.

Then an idea came to him. He rose, went to the door, summoned an attendant. A Roman soldier came running at full speed, believing that his general was attacked. Sulla bade him fetch a slave who had belonged to Apellicon of Teos and if possible the custodian of the library. They brought the man, trembling as he came, fearing that his last hour had come, a creature who looked like a little old woman, wrinkled and suspicious, and who exuded an odor

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of oil and parchment. He bowed and asked pardon with every step, sighing and clasping his hands.

'You have served Apellicon for a long time?'

'For more than thirty years, O divine proconsul.'

'Do you understand this?'

'That? The *Metaphysica* of Aristotle? How many times have I taken it from its shelf, opened it, and set it again in its place, O divine proconsul!'

'Can you read me what is written here? From this line to this?'

'I can try.'

Not without a feeling of humiliation — and yet the mastery of learned books renders the humblest equal and superior to the greatest — Sulla watched this simple slave read swiftly from the cryptic text, without pause or hesitation. His task transfigured him, made of him a free and noble being, as if the genius of Aristotle lent him wings. Sulla bent over the shoulder of the reader, wondering at the intricate turns of the incomparable thought, in which truth was present everywhere.

The time passed so speedily that the sand in the upper cone of the hourglass was almost gone when Lucius Cornelius recalled the weighty duties that called him from the magic of the library. He gave his last injunctions to the slave librarian concerning the transportation of the manuscripts to his tent, under strong guard and at night. He thought proudly of the fruit that would arise in Rome and Italy from the fertile touch of these essential, these irreplaceable, works. He was bearing with him the highest wisdom, which anyone might comprehend, more to be desired than the richest and rarest treasures.

Is it not true, then, that force of arms eventually decides the fate of learning, and of language, its support? There is no maxim more foolish than that which says that arms shall yield to the toga — nothing more dangerous, since it leaves States and their true defenders as mere miserable hangers-on of the talkers and the lawyers.

THE MAN FROM THE BALKANS

BY LILY HATVANY

From *Pester Lloyd, September* 8
(Budapest German-Hungarian Daily)

You wish me to tell you something about myself, lady? What can a fine lady like you find interesting in the adventures of a poor simple fellow like me? Still, if you insist —

My parents? My mother was a Rumanian. One of my grandmothers was a Bulgarian, the other a Greek woman, and my father was a native of Gorizia. Gorizia? Well, it is the smallest country in the Balkan peninsula, but a place where there is always something doing. A person who lives in Gorizia never finds time hanging on his hands, not for a moment. I go bail for that. No, I was not born in Gorizia. I first saw the light of day in some border district, I don't know just where.

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My father had left home on account of a little affair — left very suddenly, with his whole family. He had to leave, or he might have experienced some unpleasantness. What kind? Well, they might have chopped his head off; though to tell the truth in those days it was more usual to burn a man's house over his head — after locking the doors and windows, naturally. Anyway, it was wiser to leave. What had my father done? He had merely had a little misunderstanding with a cabinet minister. The minister's goats and my father's goats pastured together, and the minister had stolen a goat that belonged to my father. They had words over it, and it ended in my father, who was a temperamental chap, killing the minister.

Oh, that is not unusual with us. With us you treat a minister just as I treat this fly here. If he buzzes too loudly I smash him. However, this particular minister had influential relatives, and all the members of the family owned excellent English rifles, so it was better to get out.

During my infancy and early youth we were constantly moving from one place to another. My father did not neglect my education. When I was six years old I could already play poker better than your esteemed husband does to-day, my lady. That reminds me of something. Yesterday afternoon when I sat down to a game with your excellent husband, you warned him in Hungarian to look out for me, for a man who could do the card tricks I had done just before supper was a dangerous opponent. Please pardon me. I am not sensitive, and of course you did not know that I understood Hungarian. I learned your musical language before the war. I spent a year in Budapest as a spy.

But to come back to the game. I make it a principle never to win money from a man with whom I am going to do business, for that would make him dislike me, and might spoil the deal. Besides that, if I plan to win, quite naturally I never do card tricks beforehand. You are not a good judge of men, my lady. More than that, I just now have more than a couple of million francs of my own. When I am in funds I do not play to win. In fact, I let your husband win from me last night. Not much, to be sure, but it pleased him mightily and we closed our deal to-day very satisfactorily — for me.

Now, while we are speaking of cards, my father forbade me strictly to play cards with strangers until I was ten years old. Till I was twelve years old I could play only with ladies. But I was an attractive little lad, and could always find some good old lady for a partner. She would smile benevolently when the game started — not when it was over. By that time my father had been back home for some time, and was Minister of Finance; so he was well able to afford the luxury of sending me to Paris. I lived at the Ritz Hotel, and I seldom have enjoyed such good company.

However, by chance I met a sly, shrewd Greek in Paris who boasted that he had never been beaten at cards in his life. I said to him: 'Then you have never played with a man from Gorizia.' Well, we played from ten o'clock in the evening until seven o'clock in the morning — écarté. People stood around admiring our plays and making complimentary remarks. No one noticed anything. About seven o'clock the Greek was beaten. I had won a very comfortable sum from him, but he showed no irritation.

While the public was applauding, he said that he was proud to have found his master — that he was an old man, but he could die in peace as he was leaving a worthy successor. After talk-

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ing that way he embraced me and kissed me on both cheeks. I was really touched. It was not until I got home that I discovered that the old scoundrel had picked my pocket when he embraced me, and left me without a cent.

Paris is a fine city. But at Athens — the devil take those Greeks — I once had to work as a longshoreman. I packed heavy sacks on my back all day long. I tried to get a job as a porter, but the Greeks are a suspicious people. No one would trust a decent piece of luggage to me. I was so poor that I could not even buy brilliantine. I can do without most things — champagne, soap, baths, even cigarettes — but I must have brilliantine. My only vanity is my hair.

But to get back to Athens — I merely want to say that I spent the worst days of my life in that town. It was there that I killed my first man. It was high time — I was already twenty years old, and my friends at home began to make fun of me. Who, and how? Oh, it was a mere trifle. A stevedore who insulted my country in a barroom. I am not sensitive. You can say anything you want to me. But if you insult my country, look out — *je vois rouge alors.*

What did he say? The lying Greek rat ventured to assert that Gorizians were the clumsiest pickpockets in the world. I grabbed a mug and threw it at the fellow's head. It did not break the mug, but it broke his skull. They kept me in jail a week. Luckily my father was again in the cabinet, and I was set free because I had acted impulsively in a moment of justifiable patriotic anger.

Once I killed a man by accident. It was an amusing incident. I was at that time a trick-rider and acrobat in a circus. You see, there had just been another revolution and my father was out of office. Another acrobat, my comrade, was the man killed. We were doing high and lofty stunts on the trapeze. I swung from the trapeze with one hand and held my partner with the other. Just then a fly lighted on my nose, and I felt that I would go crazy if I did not scratch it. It flashed through my mind that if I let go the trapeze we both would fall, but if I let go my partner only he would fall. So I let him go. I scratched my nose with huge relief, but the poor devil broke his neck.

I really felt bad about that. I still support his family; whenever I have money I send them something. And during the war, now, men get a little rough, you know. Once when we had taken a lot of prisoners we did not know what to do with them. We could not feed them, for we did not have enough for ourselves. We could not let them go. We could not waste bullets on them, for we were nearly out of ammunition. So we had to behead them. It was a nasty job, and we drank a lot of whiskey after it was over in order to forget it. Yes, we drank until we were so merry that we played ninepins with their heads, as if we were children. Why, lady, you look pale! Ah, no, no, war is not a lady's job.

Pardon me a moment — let me ask you, whose beautiful child is that in the next room? Yours? Please call her in. Please do! You cannot imagine how I dote on children. Yes, my little one, come here. Sit on uncle's lap. You see, she comes right to me. All children like me. Yes, children have a wonderful instinct. They know whom to trust. Here is a tick-tock, play with it. You say she might break it? Oh, heavens, if I had a hundred gold watches I'd give them to that little fairy. No, no, lady, don't take it away; she might cry. I can't bear seeing children cry. You may imagine I'm a soft-hearted silly fellow, but I simply can't see a little child cry without crying myself!

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A PAGE OF VERSE

RHYMES FOR A CHILD

Seven Sleepers

BY FORD MADOX HUEFFER

[*Spectator*]

SEVEN shepherds herd their sheep
Down seven sleepy stubble-fields;
Seven angels stand and weep
And say: 'How small the harvest-yields!'

Seven graybeards prate of tillage
Round the ingle of the inn;
Seven call this age an ill age,
Seven wave their mugs and sing.

And all the signboards of our village
Creak as they swing,
Whilst the seven stars above the village
Twinkle and spin.

THE LITTLE ROADS

BY EILEEN CARFRAE

[*Bookman*]

THE little roads wind round about
As though their end were still in doubt,

And, keeping close, the green delight
Of grass is seen to left and right,

The hedges also, high and low,
With them in sweet procession go.

The greater roads are worldly-wise —
They bear important merchandise.

Upon them motors flash and pass —
They've neither time nor room for grass.

The little roads distressful are
Whenever used by motor-car.

It may be they have narrow grown
Through being left so much alone.

But as they stretch contentedly
Their ways are good enough for me.

WIND IN THE DUSK

BY HAROLD MONRO

[*Rhyme Sheet*]

So wayward is the wind to-night,
'T will send the planets tumbling down;
All the waving trees are dight
In gauzes from the moon.

Faint streaky wisps of roaming cloud
Are swiftly from the mountains swirled;
The wind is like a floating shroud
Wound lightly on the shivering world.

I think I see a little star
Entangled in a knotty tree,
As trembling fishes captured are
In nets from the eternal sea.

There seems a bevy in the air
Of spirits from the sparkling skies:
There seems a maiden with her hair
All straggled in my blinded eyes.

How they whisper; how they soar,
And shrill to one another call.
Wind, strike the firmament and roar!
The moon, her shining self, will fall.

Blow! scatter even if you will
Like spray the stars about my eyes!
Wind, overturn the goblet, spill
On me the everlasting skies!

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

ON CRITICS AND BAD TEMPERS

As everybody knows — and as most critics take frequent occasion to demonstrate — it is a critic's privilege to be nasty. Motives for critical nastiness vary. Some critics are nasty because it is easier than being pleasant; some are nasty for conscience' sake; some are nasty just because they like it; some because they think the public like it; some because they can't help it. It is easy to write a peppery column, as bristling with bons mots as a porcupine with quills, when you allow yourself to insert a barb in every mot. On the other hand, try to write a genial, grandfatherly, bless-you-my-boy sort of article, and observe the extreme difficulty of squeezing out the witticisms. This is the justification of the critics who are nasty because it is easy.

There are critics who are conscientiously nasty. When Mr. William Archer went out of his way to belabor Max Reinhardt in the columns of the *Times* a week or two ago, it is hard to believe he did it because he wanted to. Or when, occasionally, the good-natured Mr. J. C. Squire is jolted out of his equanimity into scathing commentary, no one who peruses his half-hearted efforts to chastise can really believe he gets any fun out of it. No, give Mr. Squire a jolly book of reminiscences, an agreeable volume of essays, a really profound bit of scholarship, a lively new novel with some real characters, or a handful of new poems by Mr. Edward Shanks, and he will roar you an approbation as gently as any sucking dove; but present him with something that he heartily detests, and he will but bleat you a feeble damnation or two, a condemnation no more terrific than the snarl of a good-natured kitten pretending to be a tiger.

These literary lights o' London are nasty only at the bidding of some inner ethical prompting. Kind-hearted gentlemen, they are not at all like the dreadful young men — the youthful terrors of the *Wheels* school, for an extreme example — who will worry their victim through a half-column with no more mercy than a professional executioner; who will point you a slipshod phrase here, a sloppy sentimentalism there, a truism in one paragraph and trite remark on the other side of the page, a bad rime in the second stanza, a limping line in the third, false scansion and a mixed metaphor nestling miserably together in the fifth — and all with the single-hearted enthusiasm of a puppy worrying a new bone. They like it — they genuinely do — these severe young censors; and unless authors' hearts lie a-bleeding at the end of every article, they feel they are losing form and hurry off for a week-end in Scotland to recuperate.

The public, as all its members know, delights in critical bad-temper if it is diverting. Ill-tempered criticism in itself is no more delightful than bad temper usually is; but ill-tempered criticism with a wicked little whip of wit in it — ah, well, we ought n't to like it perhaps — it is undeniably wrong of us — and the critic usually falls so in love with his own wickedness that he forgets altogether the justice that he started out to do the unhappy author. But how we *do* like it! It is all so amusing, and if the author writhes — well, who cares what happens to authors, anyhow?

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As for the critic who is nasty because he can't help it — let us shuffle decently past him. He is merely the last state of the critic who started out to amuse his public, no matter what the cost, and finds himself snared at last in a net of habit and style from which there is no escaping. Perhaps the last state of that man is worse than that of the poor authors at whose expense he has diverted us all so long.

*

THE CHEN KWANG THEATRE AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE

THE opening of the Chen Kwang Theatre — the first Chinese playhouse to which a foreigner can go with any degree of comfort — was described in Peking as 'an epoch in theatricals.' The new theatre is about ten minutes by ricksha from the Grand Hôtel de Pékin and the Legation Quarter. It is warm and clean, and for the first time in Chinese theatrical history the prospective playgoer need not send a servant hours in advance to reserve a seat and be sure it is held until he comes. The most distinguished actors in Peking have been engaged for the company of the new playhouse. Only one famous actor is missing, the famous feminine impersonator, Mei Lan-fang, by far the most popular player in modern China.

The Chinese theatre heretofore has mystified and baffled the foreigner. He does n't understand the language, and in spite of character-revealing gesture, and the fact that most of the lines are sung, he has a bad time making out what it is all about. He is likely to mistake a whole series of plays for one play, and come home at the end of his tour with a sorry tale of the dismal length of Chinese plays, and the deafening jangling of gongs; and — for he quite forgets the nasal voice that peddles chocolates in many an American theatre — he is appalled because the Chinese eat and drink in the theatre. Shakespeare and Kit Marlowe would not have been quite so squeamish, by the way, for they were used to the hubbub of the pit, the lords in the galleries and sometimes on the stage, the orange-sellers and the sweetmeat merchants going their rounds; and they might even have found some stage devices in the Chinese theatre with which they were not quite unfamiliar.

But the average tourist in China is neither a Sinologue, a student of the drama, nor a student of dramatic history. If he goes to the native theatre at all — which is not very likely — he comes away either with a puzzled feeling or with a superior feeling. Perhaps the Chen Kwang Theatre will be more to his liking than some of the others. The refreshment tables have vanished, and though smoking is to be allowed, this has ancient Occidental precedent and is not quite unknown even to-day.

After the first night, the Peking *Leader* gave this account of the new theatre: —

> The lover of the theatre may now go to see good examples of the native art in this clean, warm, and attractive building, in which he need not have his servant hold down a seat for him for hours before the best actors will appear, but where he can reserve a seat and be sure it will be held for him until he arrives to occupy it.
>
> There is no eating, but smoking is allowed. A refreshment room adjoins the theatre, where the hungry or thirsty spectator may fortify himself for further strenuous spectacles.
>
> In spite of the foreign building and the foreign stage, one sees in this theatre the true art of the Chinese actor. The orchestra sits on the stage and, thanks to the good footlights, one can observe them and their various string and wind instruments very conveniently. The 'property man,' who figured so prominently in the production of the *Yellow Jacket* as presented in America,

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is there and hands tea to his master after he has sung a strenuous number, or throws a pillow on the floor where the distraught maiden will kneel before her indignant parent, saving the lovely gown from being soiled by this bit of forethought.

Against the dark-blue background of very tall curtains, a background such as Reinhardt or Bakst might have designed, there move forth in their stately step the figures of the gorgeously dressed actors who impersonate the great of China's past. In most statuesque manner the followers of some noted general are generally draped about the stage, while the hero holds the centre. For a picturesque display of a riot of barbaric color, there is nothing to match a company of Chinese actors.

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AMIEL AND MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF

Two famous journals are soon to appear in new and enlarged editions, which have been rumored for some time and have been previously noticed in the *Living Age*. *Amiel's Journal* is to be reissued, greatly enlarged, and the text is to be 'definitive.'

M. Pierre Borel is responsible for an addition to the *Journal d'une jeune artiste* which will be published as the *Journal inédit de Marie Bashkirtseff*, and will run to at least six volumes. The manuscript has hitherto lain in the possession of relatives who did not allow its publication. No mention is yet made of English editions, but they will probably follow shortly after the French versions have been published.

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THE STORY OF A FIRST FOLIO

At the concluding meeting of the British Library Association, Dr. A. E. Cowley, librarian of the Bodleian, recounted the adventures of the copy of the First Folio acquired by the Library in 1623. He is reported in the *Westminster Gazette* as follows: —

A library, he said, must be a living thing. At the Bodleian Library they got rid of nothing. Whatever they received was deposited there for all time, and indeed it would be dangerous even if they had the power to discard or to refuse to receive anything. 'For instance,' he said, 'when the First Folio of Shakespeare was sent to us, as a matter of course, in 1623, we received the copy in sheets and we bound it. In 1664 we had a newer edition, and it was therefore thought a better edition, and so the First Folio was sold, probably for a very few shillings. All trace of it was lost for 240 years, until, in 1905, it unexpectedly emerged from a country-house library, and was identified with complete certainty by my senior assistant, Mr. Gibson. It was then bought back by the Library for £3000.' (Laughter.) They would appreciate the difficulty of deciding whether at any time a book was not worth keeping.

✽

LAUGHTER IN THE THEATRE

Lucky is the playgoer who has not frequently experienced the same emotions as Mr. H. M. Wallbrook, who complains indignantly in the London *Daily Telegraph* of the silly person in the next seat who invariably laughs in the wrong place. With praiseworthy humility this British critic admits that his countrymen are among the worst offenders, though he has little praise to bestow on Americans. His praise is — and deservedly so — for the serious theatregoers of the Continent.

What Mr. Wallbrook says is worth pondering: —

Reference was lately made in the *Daily Telegraph* to Henry James complaining that he never took a foreign friend with him to a serious play in London without being made to feel ashamed by the unseasonable laughter of the audience. I have a vivid recollection of his making the same remark one February afternoon in 1912, when I had the honor of taking tea with him in the balcony of the Reform Club. He had been to see Miss Githa Sowerby's grim drama, *Rutherford and Son*, the night before, and had found the untimely hilarity of a section of

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the audience a great deal more saddening than the play. . . .

Such exhibitions are not peculiar to England. I was reading the other day a quite violent letter in a New York journal, in which the writer described how he had lately been to see *The Bat* in that city, and had been disgusted beyond words by the 'low mentality' exhibited by the audience in repeatedly laughing in the middle of serious scenes. I think, however, that they are rare on the Continent. I have not yet heard a French or German audience laugh in the wrong place. Neither, in a good deal of playgoing in Ireland, have I found an Irish audience display this curious superficiality.

And an odd feature of the matter is that in London one hears it most where one would have least expected it, and not at all where one would have expected it to be rampant. At the Everyman Theatre lately, during the performance of *The New Sin*, one heard this seemingly heartless or brainless untimely merriment again and again. I have never heard it at the Old Vic. Yet the Hampstead theatre's following is supposed to be 'high-brow' or intellectual, while that of the Old Vic would be proud to call itself merely democratic.

Of course, a play is sometimes so utterly tragic or piteous in itself, and so immensely sincere in its acting, that even the readiest giggler is reduced to silence. Such a play was Pinero's *Iris*, and such another Mrs. W. K. Clifford's *The Likeness of the Night*. Anyone who had giggled audibly during the serious scenes of either of those dramas would, I honestly believe, have been gently but firmly conducted out of the theatre.

This reminds one that where the unseasonable gigglers are, there are also nearly always the hushers-down, the people whose swift and angry 'Sh!' generally restores order. We have all heard both at many a first-night performance. Only the other evening at Kensington some determined gigglers in the gallery during a performance of *Hedda Gabler* were at last reduced to silence, if not to shame, by the wrathful protests of their neighbors.

Still, there it is, this melancholy way of behaving at the play; and one wants to understand how it comes about, and why English playgoers should enjoy a European reputation for it. Primarily, no doubt, it has its origin in a certain lack of flexibility in the national imagination. Many good Englishmen and Englishwomen are too 'practical' to be carried away by things they know to be unreal. W. P. Frith's story of the man in the pit, who irritated him by his loud sucking of oranges during a grand performance of *King John*, and who, on being asked to desist and attend to the play, replied: 'I shan't. It ain't real. And if it is, it ain't nothin' to do with me!' has a great deal of point.

More than once at the Haymarket, in the course of the run of *Mary Rose*, I heard people during scenes that were reducing half the audience to tears muttering in a peevish, bewildered way that they could not understand such rubbish! In Ireland such an attitude toward the metaphysical or the queer would have been utterly impossible — except, perhaps, in Belfast, where half the audience would not be Irish at all. In Paris it would have been impossible. The French are logical, but they have the kind of imagination which can place itself at the disposal of an author and follow him implicitly across any borderland.

Some reader may say: 'But the playgoers of Dublin hissed Synge's *Playboy*.' So they did, but not because they disbelieved in it. They grasped it extraordinarily clearly, and hissed it as an insult of their countrymen and countrywomen in County Mayo.

⚜

ERNEST LAVISSE

ERNEST LAVISSE, the distinguished French historian, recently died at Paris. His two most notable works are a History of France from the earliest times to the Revolution, in eighteen volumes, and a History of Contemporary France, from the Revolution to the Peace of 1919, in nine volumes. A chapter from the final volume of the latter work was published in the *Living Age* of July 15, under the title, 'Why France Has Confidence in the Future.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Adventure of Living, by John St. Loe Strachey, Editor of the 'Spectator.' London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1922. 20*s*.

[T. P. O'Connor in the *Sunday Times*]

I DO not know any editor who has made me more frequently angry than Mr. St. Loe Strachey. It is n't merely that I have detested most of the opinions he has expressed, but that his method of expression has been revolting to my sense of literary demeanor and literary expression. The contribution which he has made so largely to the disastrous misunderstanding of the Irish problem — with its ultimate reactions in the unhappy conditions of Ireland to-day — is almost less repulsive to me than the long overemphasis of language, and above all the copious italics which dot it about almost continuously.

I make this necessarily disagreeable preface in order the more readily to go on to the avowal that his autobiography which he has just presented to the world is a very charming and a very valuable work. I have been able in the few hours I have had time to give it to do no more than skip through some portions of it; but some of the earlier chapters are so intensely interesting that I read every word of them with something like ecstasy. Mr. Strachey has the quality which is necessary in every autobiographer if his work is to be of real value and real interest. He is frank; he is almost nude in the revelation of his own character.

[*Observer*]

MR. STRACHEY would have to be included in any group of contemporary men chosen to represent the English mind and character, and his autobiography will, for that as well as for other reasons, engage an exceptional curiosity. None will expect to find it in the current mode, a book of revelations; but all who have become familiar with the broader features of its author's personality, in the journal which has enjoyed his guidance, will approach with an eager interest the closer intimacy furnished by such a volume.

It is labeled by Mr. Strachey as a 'subjective' work, but nothing could be further from a mere essay in self-dissection. There are chapters — and they will be appreciated — whose freight is avowedly of moral and intellectual conviction. But it is ever the pageant of life that holds the vision of the true journalist, and such a master of his craft inevitably fills his most restful pages with the commerce of that active and interesting world of affairs with which he has had close relations. He deals sparingly in gossip, and with regard to living people maintains a reserve which will doubtless be in certain eyes old-fashioned. Nevertheless, he has written such a book as will pleasantly confirm, while abundantly amplifying, the imaginary portrait which readers of the *Spectator* for the last twenty years have drawn of its editor for themselves. . . .

The Ship. A Play in Three Acts, by St. John G. Ervine. London: Allen and Unwin, 1922. 3*s*. 6*d*.

[*New Statesman*]

ONE day the historian of the early twentieth-century theatre will concern himself with our drama of the conflict of parents and children. The young man in *The Ship* throws up work in his father's great shipyard and takes to farming 'because the cause of all our troubles is machinery.' He expresses one of the moods of disillusionment. 'I used to wonder,' he says, 'why the men who went to the war were so cynical. . . . And now I think I know. They feel as if they'd been crucified and buried, but had n't risen again.'

It is just as easy to be sentimental in pessimism as in optimism. The hale and hearty school (including some bishops) told us the war would purge the world. They were wrong; but we need not be as wrong as they were in an opposite direction. Some men took to whiskey in France, — one of them is made a character in this play, — few took to cynicism.

This Tolstoian young man is so woolly-minded that he loses dramatic force, even though he gives up his life in the end for a fine idea. He does not know what he wants, and so the others cannot help him much. His father wants him back in the shipbuilding business, and is willing to pay any price to get him. His friend and farming partner wants a bottle of whiskey, a large income, and little or no work. His grandmother, Old Mrs. Thurlow, the vivid and important character of the play, wants to be right when everybody else is wrong, and succeeds triumphantly. It is she who inclines the balance in favor of age, and against youth, as far as Mr. Ervine is concerned. . . .

The Ship has the framework of good drama; it holds the reader, and should act well.

La Lorraine sous l'occupation allemande (mars 1871–septembre 1873), by Émile Chantriot. Paris, 1922.

[*La Revue de Paris*]

EVERYBODY knows that one of the preliminaries to the Peace of February 25, 1871, was the occupation of Lorraine by the German army, to continue until the indemnity had been entirely paid. M. Chantriot studies the organization of

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this occupation, the superposing of foreign authority on the French administration, the relations between the occupying troops and the people, and the incidents that followed. Thanks to a documentation as complete and systematic as possible, the author succeeds in reconstructing an epoch in which local and national affairs were closely entwined.

The Divine Tragedy, by A. St. John Adcock. London: Selwyn and Blount, 1922. *5s.*

[*Observer*]

IT is a bold theme, already touched by the hands of several. If Christ returned to the Christendom that we have made, how would Christendom receive him? In Dostoevskii's wonderful prose-poem, the Grand Inquisitor is very decisive — he would send the returned Messiah to the stake without hesitation. In Mr. Adcock's fantasy Jesus suffers an even more ignominious fate. After a beneficent life among the poor of Bethnal Green, he preaches to a Hyde Park crowd on the duty of living a life of love, even to the extent of forgiving and loving the enemy. He is greeted with cries of 'Free-Lover,' 'Pro-German,' 'Bolshevik,' silenced by patriotic choruses, and hustled off to a police station. Charged with having spoken blasphemy and sedition, he refuses to plead or reply and is locked up. At this point we think Mr. Adcock's courage failed him, for he does not pursue the story to its tragic end, but evades the difficulty by making the prisoner vanish as mysteriously as he came.

North-Eastern France, edited by Findlay Muirhead and Marcel Monmarché. London: Macmillan; Paris: Hachette, 1922. *10s.* net.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

THE title, *North-Eastern France*, is applied in generous fashion to the last published of the 'Blue Guides,' since it includes all that part of the country north and east of a line from Boulogne, through Paris, to Lyon, including therefore Alsace and Lorraine and the French Jura. Its method is the accepted one of following a series of well-known routes, mostly radiating from Paris, but also from such centres as Amiens and Strassburg, giving road and rail distances and information about all towns and places of interest on the journey. It has the merits which have made its predecessors popular. It contains a vast amount of information in small space, well coördinated. Its maps are not only numerous — fifty-five, including sketches and town-plans — but excellent. . . .

A large proportion of this Guide has naturally been devoted to the battlefields. There is one good map showing the extent of the offensive launched by both sides, the whole ebb and flow of the war-tide, and several sketch-maps of battles. Sir Frederick Maurice's article on the British Campaigns in the West, written for the 'Blue Guide to Belgium and the Western Front,' is here reprinted.

Barnabé Tignol et sa baleine, by René Thevenin. Paris: Albin Michel, 1922.

[Nicolas Ségur in *La Revue Mondiale*]

ARE you looking for a novel that is wrought entirely out of amazing chances, a novel of incredible adventures, adroitly told and glowing with wit, though not by any means remarkable for probability? Then read *Barnabé Tignol et sa baleine*. You will like the book because it is an agreeable bit of fancy, because it ends happily, and because it views life through rosy spectacles. A delicate irony runs through these pages, which are written in a style quite void of affectation.

Huntingtower, by John Buchan. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1922. *7s. 6d.*

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

IN *Huntingtower* there is a retired Glasgow grocer who, starting out for a walking tour with a knapsack and a poetry book, finds himself, within twenty-four hours, up to the neck in one of the wildest plots of adventure it ever entered the heart of man to conceive. There is a beautiful Russian princess abducted by Bolsheviki and immured in the lonely castle by the sea; there are hidden jewels, a villainous innkeeper, with a gang of 'tinklers' keeping watch over the princess until the archvillain arrives in a Danish brig to carry off his helpless victim. How these wicked ones are outmanœuvred and disposed of by the strategy of Dougal, the captain of a little company of Glasgow street-boys, the 'Gombal Diehards,' with the aid of our retired grocer and a romantic poet, picked up on the march — such is the staple of this fascinating tale of humor and adventure. Dougal is a boy of grit and strategy with no English peer, his nearest kin in fiction being Huck Finn; and the spirited old peasant, Mrs. Morran, will live with the best of Barrie.

BOOKS MENTIONED

HEROLD, A. FERDINAND. *La vie du Buddha, d'après les textes de l'Inde ancienne.* Paris: L'Edition d'art, 1922.

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